



25¢

SICK

POC

MARCH

No. 43

The magazine with a KICK!

BAN
THE
BOMB
TREATIES

PEACE
IS
HELL

BURN
YOUR
LIBRARY
CARDS

BRING
BACK
THE
3¢
STAMP

AMERICA
AWAKE!

JOIN IN
NATIONAL
BOOK-
BURNING
WEEK

Special
Protest
Issue

(YOU'LL PROTEST
WHEN YOU READ IT)



You can stop with
that tiny-garments
routine. I'm *not*
going to marry you!



Protest Issue!

No. 43

Vol. 6, No. 3
March, 1966

SPECIALIZED SPORTS MAGAZINES

A protest against the overspecialization in sports magazines today. If this trend continues, we may soon be seeing titles like "Left-Handed Basketballs," "Hockey Pucks" and "Cue-Stick Chalk."24

REAL ESTATE SPOKEN HERE

A protest against the misleading language spoken by real estate operators who make you think you're getting a lot for your money. When you finally buy the house you discover this is what you got — a "lot" for your money!14

FLY-BY-NIGHT AIRLINES — A MONOLOGUE

A protest against the insane new policies of most airlines who have taken to showing movies aboard. If this keeps up we may soon have floor shows, full orchestra concerts and maybe the most improbable sight on any airliner — a stewardess who's over 32 44

INTERPRETING WAR BULLETINS

A protest against the idiotic wordage in most war bulletins and how you can never figure them out. When you read the idiotic wordage in this article you'll never figure that out either!16

FAR MISS ALMANACK

A protest against a magazine that we really have nothing to protest about — except that they're beating us and everybody else in sales. This parody is another in our series of magazine spoofs designed to get even on our competition for what they're doing to us — namely, making us really look SICK!19

GRUNTLEY-HINKLEY IN HISTORY

A protest of how ridiculously newscasters report events today, by comparing them to events of the past. When you compare this article to articles of the past, you'll see how ridiculously written this article is! 9

THE SNEAKER SET

A protest against the new trend in continuing stories now flooding nighttime television. If you miss one program you don't know what's happening, but in OUR continuing story, if you read every word, you still won't know what's happening!32

ABOUT THE COVER

This Protest Issue Cover was actually drawn from real life. If it appears a little shaky it's because the artist fell asleep while drawing it.

Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*

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SICK

**DRIVE
RECKLESSLY**
The life you destroy
may be a communist



**UNFAIR PLAY
FOR CUBA
COMMITTEE**



**BE
CRUEL
TO DUMB
ANIMALS
WEEK**



**SICK-
NIFICANT
NEWS
EVENTS**

CRISIS IN AMERICA

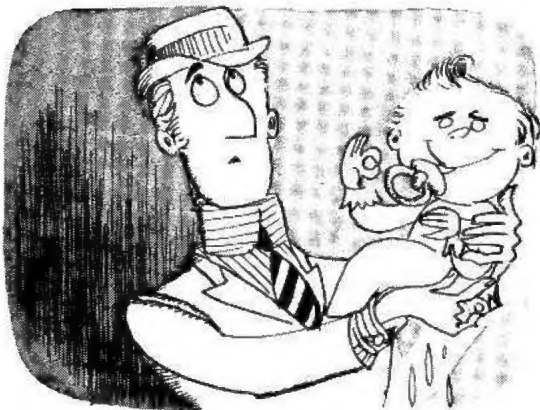
WATER IS DRYING UP!

**HARDEN
SOFT
WATER**



by Jim Atkins

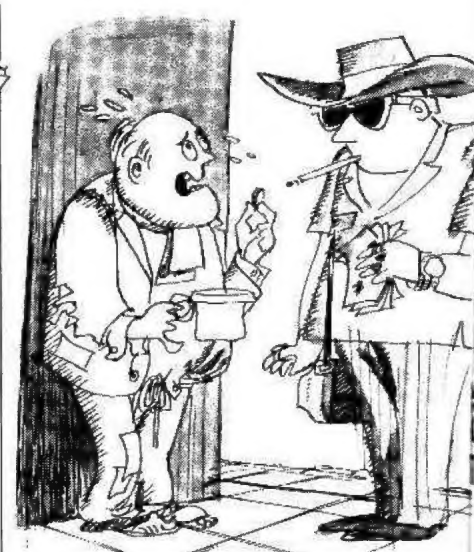
Art by Arnold Franchioni



Over the nation, city officials are calling on citizens to save water, which brings up the question, "Is Water Drying Up?"



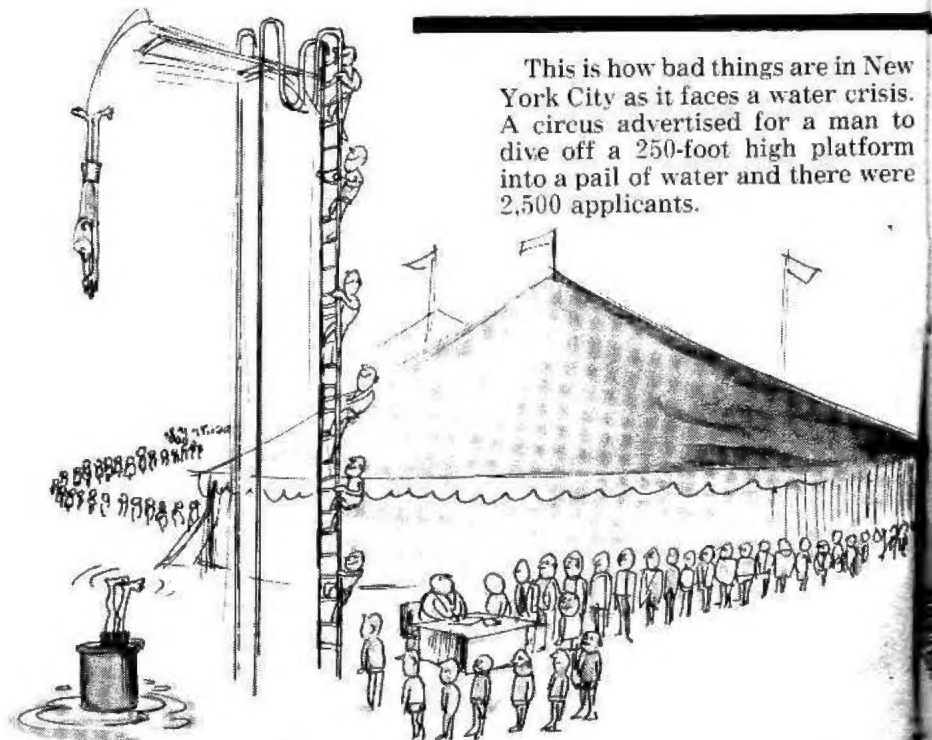
Things are bad. The other day a mugger grabbed a tourist and said: "Give me all your water."



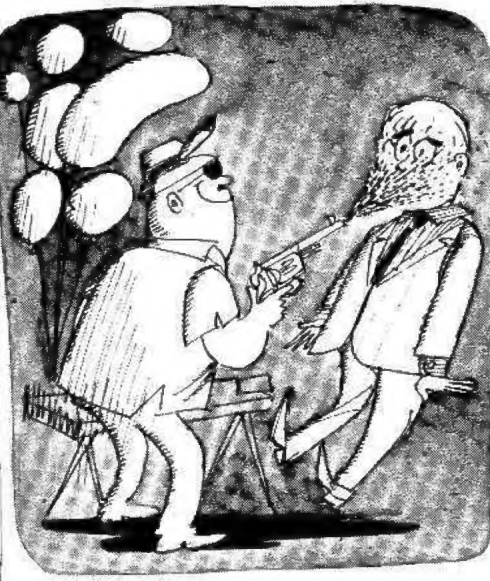
A beggar was seen throwing a fifty cent piece back at a tourist, pointing to his cup and saying, "Fill it up with water."



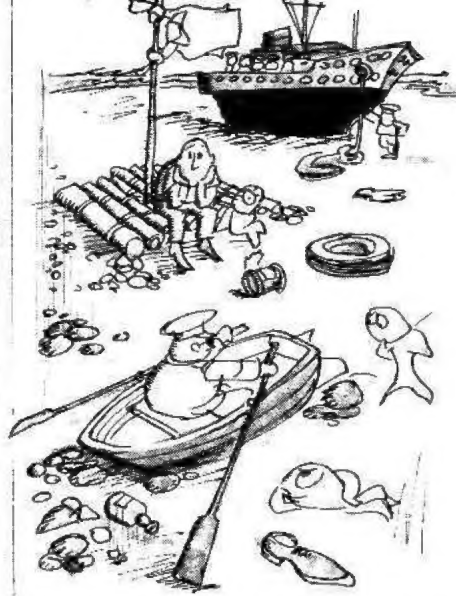
There is a lot of water in the ocean, but what to do with it to make it drinkable is over the scientist's heads. Experiments have shown that water is good for colds. You don't believe it? Did you ever see a fish with a cold?



This is how bad things are in New York City as it faces a water crisis. A circus advertised for a man to dive off a 250-foot high platform into a pail of water and there were 2,500 applicants.



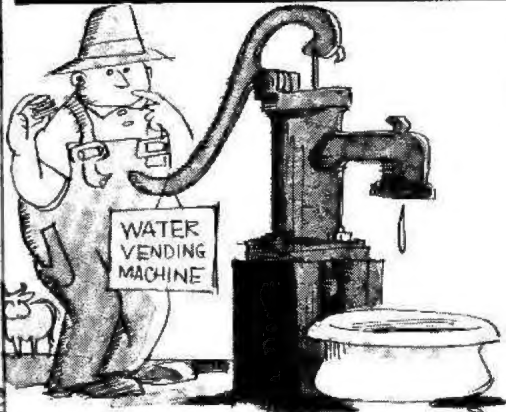
And in Chinatown they're using tea in the Chinese Water Torture. At Coney Island hawkers are selling water guns that shoot sand.



In Sick, Atkins is stealing jokes. In some places along the coast the tide went out and never came back again. That's how bad things are.



A lady with false teeth tried to drink a lot of water fast while she was in Asia. She drank so fast her teeth fell out and floated down the river...floating right down the River Kwai. There it was, the bridge on the River Kwai.



A company in New Jersey has started leasing vending machines which sell water. You put three nickels in the machine, you get a glass of water. It takes three coins in the fountain.

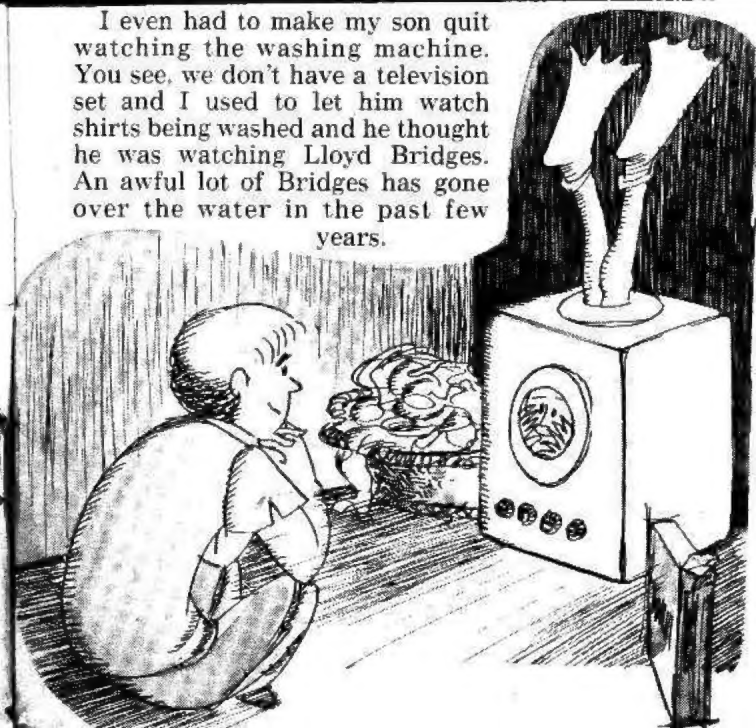


In the bars regular whisky costs \$1.00 a shot, watered-down whisky is \$1.50 a shot.



I went to my doctor and told him to give me something so I would want to drink water. He said he couldn't help me, he was a dry doc.

I even had to make my son quit watching the washing machine. You see, we don't have a television set and I used to let him watch shirts being washed and he thought he was watching Lloyd Bridges. An awful lot of Bridges has gone over the water in the past few years.



They make dry oxygen, I guess next we'll have dry water. You know what dry water is, it's only wet on one side.



Dear Editor:

Hats off for the lampoons of the assinine film "Billie" and the man-nish TV femme "Honey West." Incidentally, I hired Honey as my bodyguard. She knows Judo and Karate by their first names.

The Beatles' record of "I'm A Loser" must be my theme song. My Edsel dragged a Honda. I lost. I bought 10 shares of Schizophrenia Inc. because I heard rumors it was going to split. As a loser, I belong to that select group to whom belong the following: Les Crane, the only man to be fired from the same job twice; Pierre Salinger, the only politician to be beaten by a song and dance man; and Sonny Liston, the fighter who lost the easy way.

Until I become a winner, I remain
A Sick Reader Forever,

Roger H. Kramer
1033 Baden Avenue
Saint Louis, Missouri

Ed: For you "forever" may not be very long.

Dear Sir:

In the December publication of SICK Magazine under the column "For the Records" on pg. 39 there is a sport listed as ORGY. What is the news of this sport? What is this sport?

Dan Heatherington
University of Guelph
Guelph, Ontario
Canada

Ed: It's not tiddle de winks!



Dear Sir:

In reference to your article in SICK in June, Sickcerely I mean. I was surprised to find that you had published a letter I sent in Feb.

As you can guess I'm L. Parkins (my true name). May I say that I am proud to have my letter in your "Mag." You see it was the only way I could get you to publish it. I know it was a sickly trick, don't you think so?

Well, to answer your questions. The letters and numbers stand for my rank (E.D.H.) and address and not because I'm serving a life sentence.

The part about the "Yanks"—well, that was a "sickly" lie too. Actually, I am part Yank myself; my father is an American citizen, my mother English.

Thanks again though, and I'm proud that you did publish it, coz you see I can show it to my girl, and friends, and say, "Hey, lookee here. SICK Magazine published my letter I sent in. Yea, that's right, THE SICK Magazine."

Thanks again friend. By the way, how's this for a sickly letter???

GREAT MAGAZINE.

L. Parkins E.D.H.
S/S British Power
B. P. Tanker Co.
Brittanic House
Finsbury Circus
London E.C.2

P.S. If you do publish this, I'd like to write to a boy the same age as me, 20 years (1945).

Ed: Another enemy joins our side! Let's hear it for L. Parkins, everybody.

Dear Editor:

How would you like something different?

"Dum Buns," short for Dumb Bunnies. What are Dum Buns? Well they are better than Puns. Just the word "Bun" is a smile in itself. Buns are all subjects... With the simplest logic... Like taking castor oil...

The simpler the logic, better the Bun. It's like "Believe it or not" or "Strange as it seems."

Tested, on teenagers: being the best club members as Dumb Bunnies. They try to outdo each other on making up "Dum Buns". A "Bun" is not a Bun without logic. We could call logic the mustard! With logic, a question is asked "Are they true?" Some of them are facts which are hard to believe. Sometimes you can't tell the Dum Buns from the real thing. "Buns" will not lie to anyone—Buns have been into party games. It takes a good eight hours of hard work to cook up one of these "Buns," with stories and art work. Done on Bristol board, washed with ink and coffee. It sounds way-out when I can drink coffee and brush it on the drawings at the same time, but it's true.

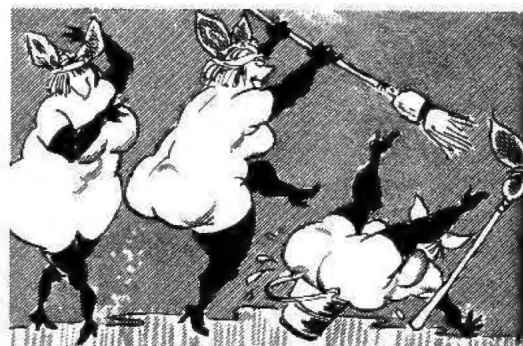
If you are interested I'll send you a few "Buns."

Very "Bun"nie...

John H. Lafferty

2020 Monterey Ave.
Santa Barbara
California

Ed: Why don't you take your Buns and dunk them.



SICK:

Please send information on Orgy.
P.O. Box 6299 N.T.S.
Denton, Texas

Ed: First, you promise to invite us?

Dear Sick...er...Sirs,

I think your articles about Sugar South and "Road to Recovery" in your No. 40 issue are very good. I mean sick. I hope you continue to write such sickly good stories from now on. I like your magazine. But one thing has to go—like four big things: your Editor, Art Director, your correspondents, and your artists.

Jeff Titus

Stillwater, Minn.

P.S. What do you think?

Ed: We think you've got a big mouth.

Dear Sick-ly,

In regard to Frederick Devine Jr's letter in your August edition. What have you got against Tasmania? I don't live there but close enough. Besides, there are enough people being sent to Tasmania for some reason or another.

In some ways Fred is right about Elvis and the Stones. They sound better even though most Australians think they haven't the sound of "The Easybeats" and "The Whispers." If you'd heard them, you'd agree.

I love your movie spoofs and satires on advertising. Why not try making something out of other countries, perhaps you'd get a lot more readers and a lot more criticism as well.

Down under reader...

Alan Murphy
10 Frederick Ave.
Beverly Hills
Sydney
Australia

P.S. Your magazine costs (A3/-) or (30¢) Australian.

Ed: It's not worth it.

Dear Sick Sirs:

In reference to your December issue and your stories on "How to be a Comedian Without Really Trying", anybody that would find that funny should join your magazine staff because they have to be SICK.



I think that you went overboard on your stories about dropouts with "Jerry the J" and "Rock Around the Dropout." After all we are trying to get rid of the problem of dropouts.

But I can say one thing for your magazine, it does illustrate freedom of the press and that's about all.

M/Sgt. Jim Rich
SHAPE Top Graders Club
APO New York 09055

Ed: Imagine, fighting a war to preserve the SICK way of life.

Dear #?!*&x% (Censored)

As I was walking by the neighborhood junkyard, I saw something that didn't belong there. It was a SICK magazine, and it should have been buried under the junk.

I organized a club, "Sick-Readers Anonymous." We try to bring back to sanity anyone who has read your trash.

Keep up the lousy work.

Paul Heiser
22 Vernon Street
Middleport, New York

Ed: With encouragement like this, we've simply GOT to go on.

Dear Sick:

I would like to let you know I'm a Beatle fan and I hated the way you ran down the Beatles. I detest anybody running down another. You should have run down the Dave Clark Five or the Rolling Stones.

Pat Sturm
4550 N. 48 St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ed: OR people who detest running down others.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable
PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed
before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT
sparkled over an adoring nation



Georgie Jessel
says: "LOOK WHO'S
TALKING" is a warm
memory of the
wonderful humor of
The NEW FRONTIER...
Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING



Hilarious
Talking
Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



SINATRA BRIGITTE BARDOT TONY CURTIS SONNY LISTON

MANDY RICE-DAVIES JOHN WAYNE PAUL BUNKE BRANDO

LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

Send 50¢ per copy
(for attractive 8"x11"
stiff-cover "paper-
back" volume) to
"Look Who's Talking,"
32 W. 22 Street, New
York 10, New York.

You can stop with
that tiny-garments
routine. I'm *not*
going to marry you!



Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. Once again it's time to turn back the hands of time and bring you an old radio program you used to hear on your crystal set. For tonight's program, we will go back

almost 1,900 years to the Roman Empire, and give you the show that was in the top ten of Nielsen ratings for many years, until Rome was looted by the Huns.

GRUNTLY & BLINKY IN HISTORY



Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears. Tonight we have a special report coming to you from Chet Gruntly, who is interviewing men from Fort Lasagna, which is outside Carthage. Take it away Chet.

Dave, I have to admit I'm really impressed with the morale of these men. A lot of them get scrolls from home which keep their spirits high. Of course the ones that don't get mail get loaded on nectar and head into town looking for wild times. But for the most part these fellows make you feel really proud.

Friends, I see by the sands in our hour glass, it's about time for a commercial. Our first sponsor is the "Et Te Brutus" Lion Kennels.



Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Francis DiBacco

The new '66 Tooted models are just out, so why don't you stop down to the showroom and have a look.



Their mouths are longer and wider this year with extra long claws to hold the road better when it's snowing.

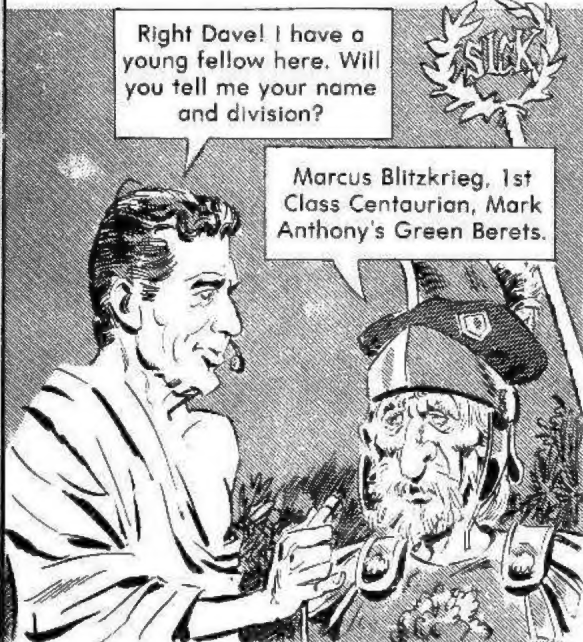


The Brutus Lion outsells the smaller foreign Lion, The Volkslion, by 5 to 1. The Brutus Lion can be had for as little as six slaves down and five Christians a month, F.O.B. Wouldn't you really rather have a Brutus? Okay Chet, back to you.



Right Dave! I have a young fellow here. Will you tell me your name and division?

Marcus Blitzkrieg, 1st Class Centaurian, Mark Anthony's Green Berets.



Green Berets!!!! Man, that's a tough outfit. Can you tell me some of the campaigns you were in?

Sure. We stopped Hannibal when he crossed the Alps with his reindeers.

Reindeers! He didn't use reindeers. He used elephants.



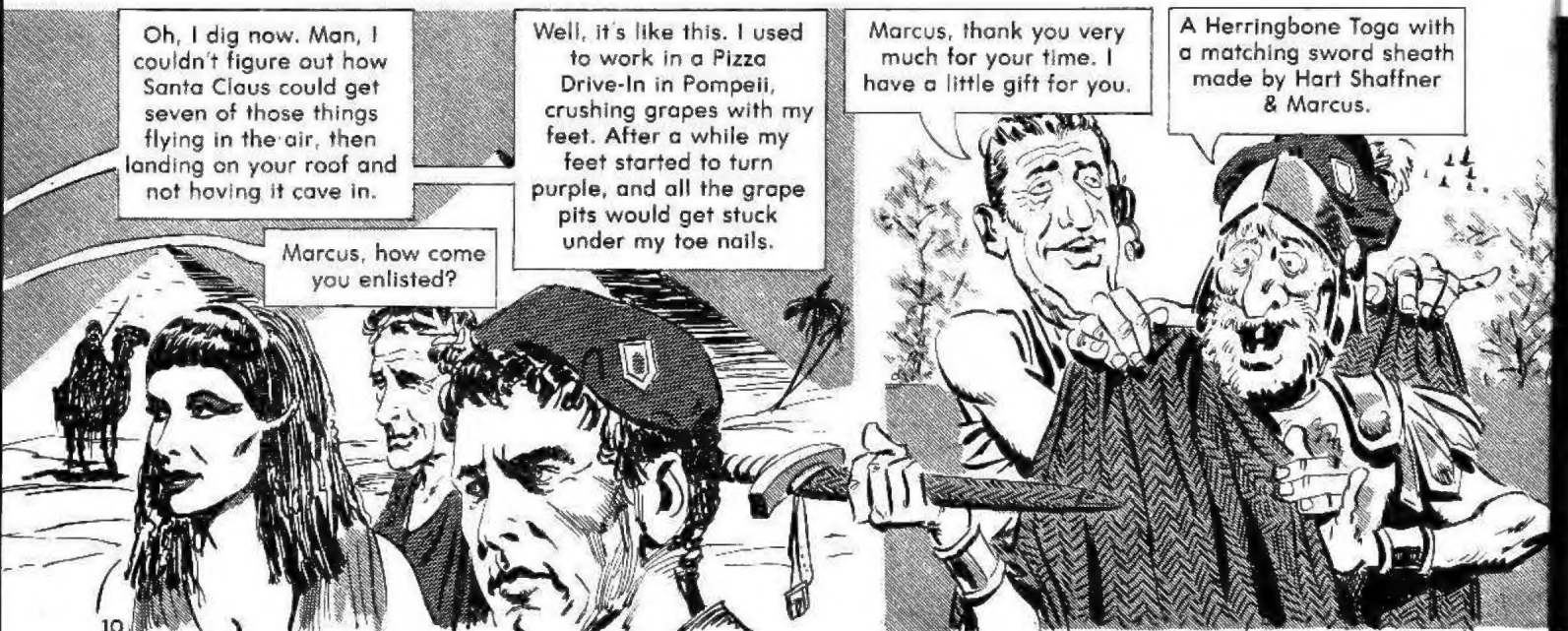
Oh, I dig now. Man, I couldn't figure out how Santa Claus could get seven of those things flying in the air, then landing on your roof and not having it cave in.

Marcus, how come you enlisted?

Well, it's like this. I used to work in a Pizza Drive-In in Pompeii, crushing grapes with my feet. After a while my feet started to turn purple, and all the grape pits would get stuck under my toe nails.

Marcus, thank you very much for your time. I have a little gift for you.

A Herringbone Toga with a matching sword sheath made by Hart Shaffner & Marcus.



PIZZA

Hey soldier, could you come here a second and give me your name and regiment.

Octavius Fudd, Master Spearsman, Panzer Chariot Division. "Hello Mom!"

Easy boy, just answer my questions, no ad-libs. How do you like working for Uncle Caesar?

The chow and dough ain't bad, but the thing I get the most kicks out of is raiding those towns. Food, booze, broads, treasures, what more can you ask for? Also I do a little moonlighting. I'm always hired as an extra in those Hercules movies Steve Reeves puts out.

No kidding? What did you do before you enlisted in the service?

I was chief soothsayer at the Roman Forum. I was the cat that called the hit on Caesar. Of course all my predictions weren't accurate. I predicted Woody Allen would play Ben Hur instead of Charlton Heston, and that Allison would marry Norman Harrington in Peyton Place.

Allison marry Norman, how ridiculous. I myself think . . .

Chet!

Sorry Dave. Son, I have a surprise for you.

Really?

Yes, I have a set of General Dual 90's for your chariot, and also a set of Wilkensen Chariot Blades. Wilkensen, masters of the cutting edge since 38 B.C., make the finest blades for ramming.

Chet, if you'll hold up for a minute I'll squeeze our next sponsor in. Take it away, John Cameron Crazy for Timewrecks Sundials and Hour Glasses.

Thank you Dave. Folks, for tonight's test, we are going to strap a waterproof sundial to a slave and submerge them for an hour.

One Hour Later:

Yes, our timewrecks is still running, but that slave ain't. Remember our timepiece was the one tied to the bow of the galley ship "Fanny Hill" during its last sea battle, and although subject to constant ramming, our Timewrecks Sundial was still casting shadows.

Boy, that's amazing John!
Okay Chet,
you're on again.

Dave, I have a boy here,
at least I think he's a boy,
with a peculiar haircut,
and I can't understand
him too well. Eh... Could
I have your name
and regiment?

Ringo Stella, that's me
baby. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.
Workout pops, don't just
stand there,
say something.

Are you in this army or
are you the enemy?

The enemy!! Man, I'm
what's happening.
I'm the end.



Okay, shut up a minute.
Do you belong in the
army or are you a
Boy Scout?

Hey man, you're laughs.
I AM the Army baby.
There's nothing else but
me. I run this place.

What do you do?

I'm the cook.

How come you wear your
hair like that?

Well daddy, it's like this.
Me and three friends of
mine used to be
shepherds in England.
We had a lot of trouble
with wolves so we
decided to let our hair
grow long to look like
sheepdogs. We also
started making these
weird noises so after a
while the wolves never
bothered us again.



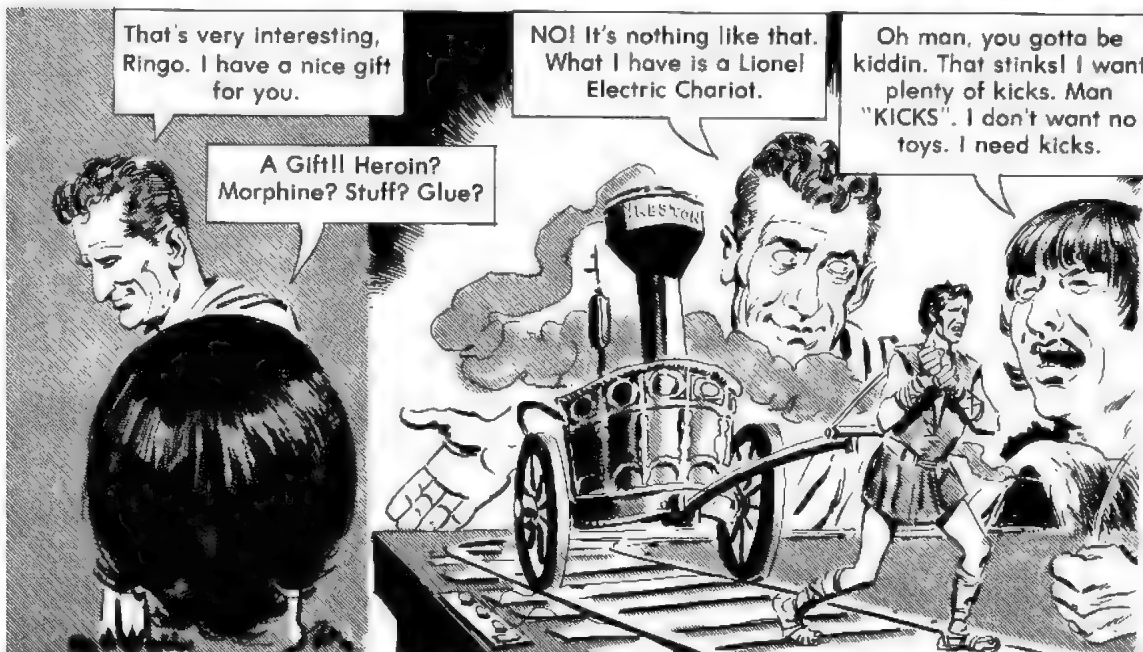
That's very interesting,
Ringo. I have a nice gift
for you.

A Gift!! Heroin?
Morphine? Stuff? Glue?

NO! It's nothing like that.
What I have is a Lionel
Electric Chariot.

Oh man, you gotta be
kiddin. That stinks! I want
plenty of kicks. Man
"KICKS". I don't want no
toys. I need kicks.

Okay then, we'll give you
a wild horse. You'll get
plenty of kicks out of him.
Ha, Ha, Ha. How did you
like that joke Dave?



Chet, we only have time for one more person, but no time for jokes like that.

Well, Dave, it seems we have a sailor. Your name please?

Publius Ruth. Third Oarsman on the Galley ship "MICKEY MOUSE".

What was your occupation before you enlisted?

I was a gladiator for the Venice Yankees in the Latin-Roman League.

I knew you looked familiar. I was there the day you pointed to the spot where you would knock a lion's head. That was great. You killed 60 lions that year didn't you?

That's right. By the way, what was the score yesterday at the coliseum?

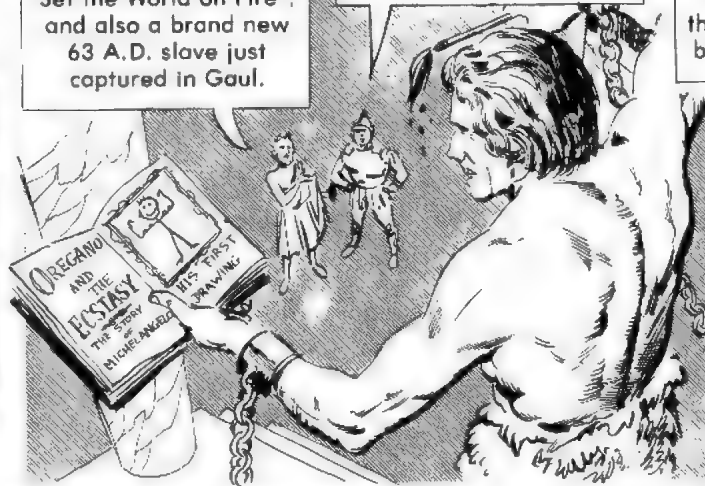
Lions beat the Christians 8 to 0.

Boy, the Lions are hot. I think they're going all the way this year.

Publius, it's been my pleasure talking to you. I have two gifts for you. Nero's million selling record "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire", and also a brand new 63 A.D. slave just captured in Gaul.

Thank you, Chet. I'll send him up to my wife. We just built a two-slave garage, so I can sure use him.

Dave, that finishes us up down here. Tomorrow I'll be back in Rome, Giving you an exclusive interview from the Visitors Clubhouse of the Coliseum BEFORE the bouts. Goodnight David!



Goodnight Chet!

Well, that is it for tonight. We'll now have a closing word from our last sponsor, The Fulvius Hertz Travel Agency. Gang, this being 63 A.D. and Nero's top dog, there'll be a full scale persecution all over the Empire. Plan now and catch a bloody mess in every city of your tour.

The Hertz Travel Agency only uses the swiftest camels. "Let Hertz put you on the camel hump." If you wish to go, please send a three penny scroll to LXXVII Sunset Strip.

As an extra added bonus, the first 50 names we get will receive these five best selling books:

I'll leave you with the three famous last words of Caesar as he spoke to Brutus while dying: "RONZONI SONA BUONII"

"The Making Of A Dictator, 63 A.D."

"How To Find Out Which Of The Gods Is Your Ancestor"

"Why Wasn't Cleopatra's Asp Defanged?"

"How To Plan Your Own Orgy"

"When To Use Thumbs-Up Or Thumbs-Down at The Coliseum"



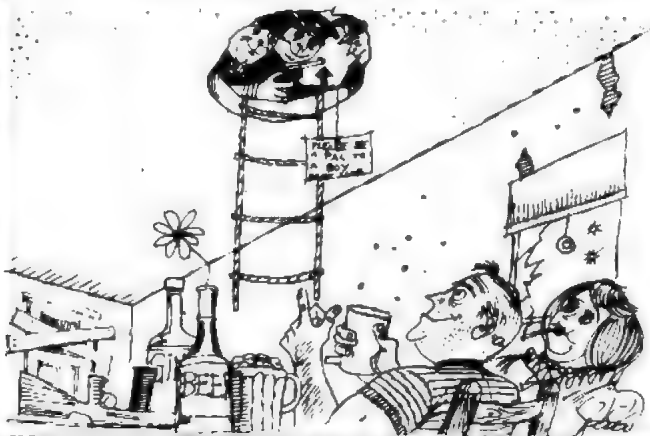
LANGUAGES

Real estate people have a language all their own. Philologists say it is somewhere between Swahili and Esperanto and twice as confusing.

For the benefit of you readers who might be apartment-hunting or looking around for a house, Sick's business editors have supplied definitions for the most common terms used by real estate people.

REAL ESTATE SPOKEN HERE

Private Entrance



Definition

There's a hole in the ceiling with a rope ladder.

Private Swimming Pool



Definition

The basement leaks.

High Ceiling



Definition

Also free throw lines and baskets at each end of the room.

Room of Unusual Beauty



Definition

The last tenant left a pin-up picture of Mamie Van Doren hanging in the closet.

**A
PROTEST
AGAINST
WAR
BULLETINS!!**



LANGUAGES (continued)

Military public relations men have a language of their own.

Since much is "lost in the translation", SICK offers this handy guide to

HOW TO INTERPRET WAR COMMUNIQUE

WHAT IT SAYS:

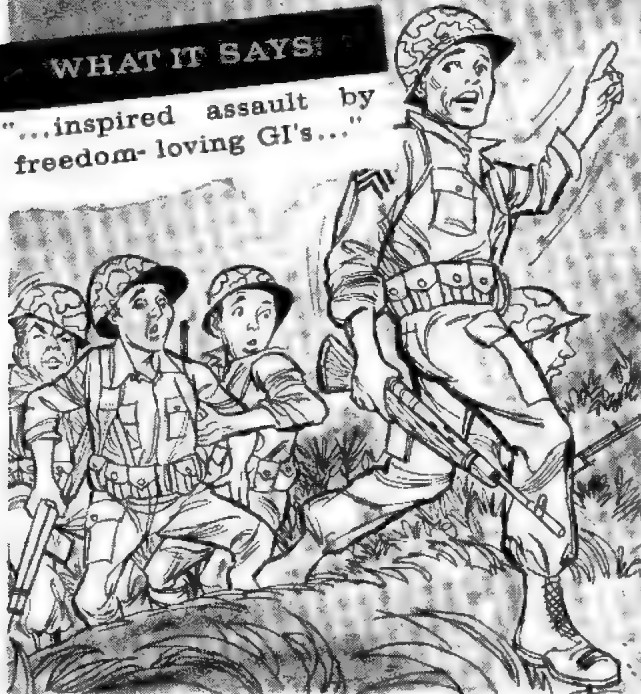
"...dope-crazed fanatics..."



WHAT IT MEANS: (They attacked.)

WHAT IT SAYS:

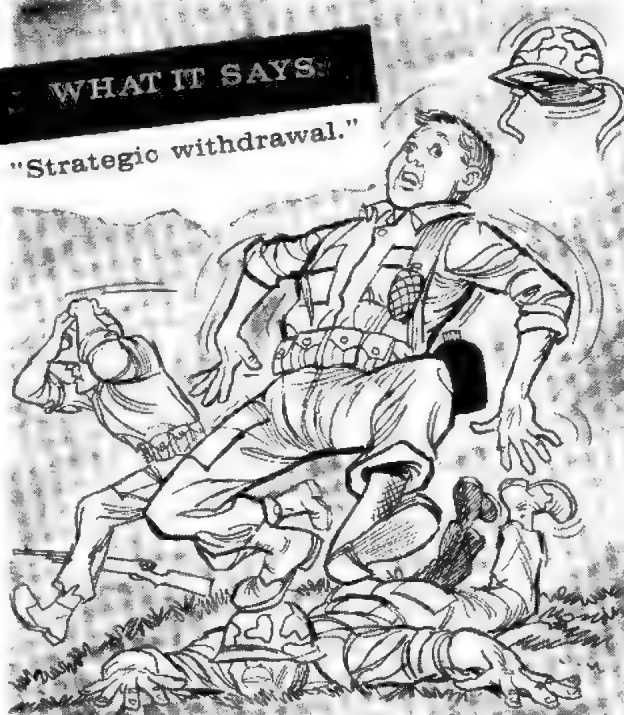
"...inspired assault by freedom-loving GI's..."



WHAT IT MEANS: (We attacked.)

WHAT IT SAYS:

"Strategic withdrawal."



WHAT IT MEANS: (We ran.)

BULLETIN

"...abandoned it in a scattered, dis-organized rout"



(They ran.)

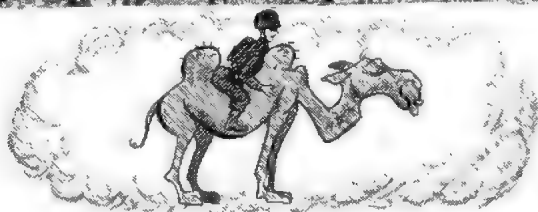
BULLETIN

"...irresponsible critic with vague innuendoes of de-escation..."



(He disagreed with LBJ.)

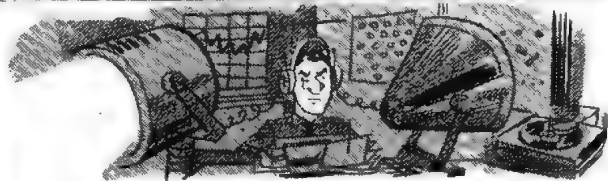
WHAT IT SAYS



"...in a war which keeps presenting logistical nightmares."



(These damn bullets don't fit in the rifles.)



"...credited alert and aggressive detection, resulting in immediate retaliation and..."

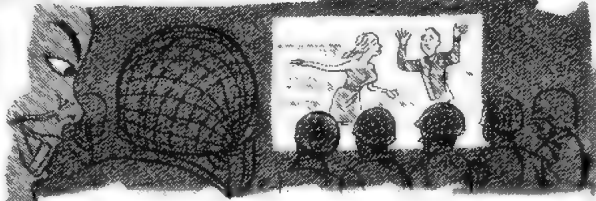


(One of 'em sneezed and woke up the sentry.)



BLAM

"In a sneak attack, under cover of darkness, the enemy managed to infiltrate and..."



(Our sentry ducked-out to see the Doris Day movie.)

BULLETIN

"...interrogating one of the disillusioned members of the battalion - a battalion riddled with defectors."



(Whatdya know; one of them surrendered.)

BULLETIN

"...part of our continuing program of harrassment and disruption..."



(We probably woke them up. If they were anywhere in that target area.)

BULLETIN

"...protested strenuously the senseless, brutal attack on the building—clearly marked with the international symbol of decency, the Red Cross, and a building which was obviously teeming with uniformed nurses and doctors."



(They bombed the Officer's Club.)

BULLETIN

"...went down on a routine training mission."



(Oooops...another U-2 forced down.)

BULLETIN

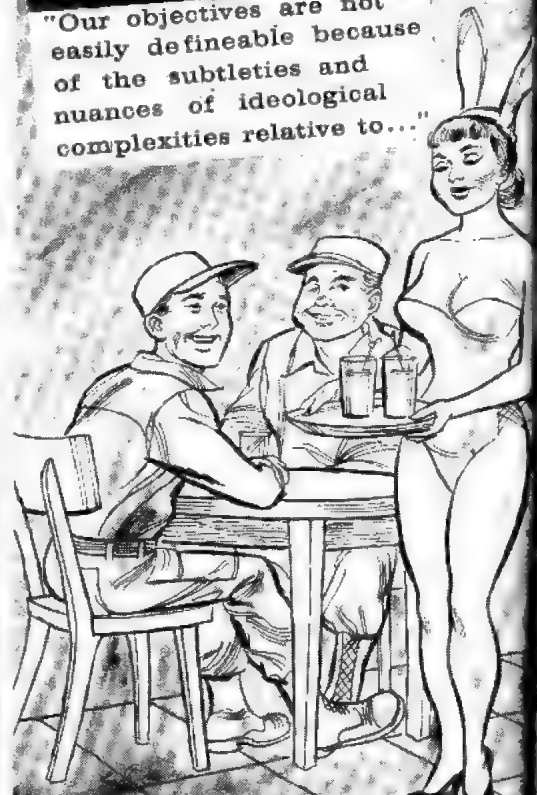
"...reluctantly left the forward, combat area for necessary liaison missions in the provincial capitol."



(The general has a girl friend in town.)

BULLETIN

"Our objectives are not easily defineable because of the subtleties and nuances of ideological complexities relative to..."



(Don't ask me what we're doing here.)

Publications

For our magazine parody this issue, we salute one of the biggest magazines in the world. Not in size, but in sales. This little package of cornbelt dynamite produces such a vast sale that the government is

thinking of giving the publishers money not to put it out! You can find this magazine everywhere—newsstands, bookstores, supermarkets, gas stations, corset shops, etc. But you won't find another parody like this anywhere—a parody we call...



Fishing Summary



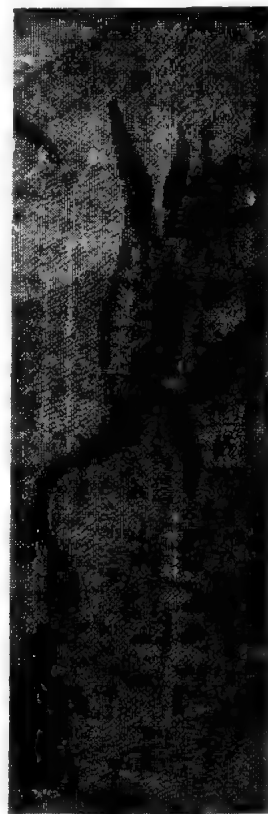
The year 1965 saw fishing at an all-time high. Over 8,573,286 fish were caught—and that's a lot of water down the drain. Many records were set all over the nation. A man named Ebenezer Finch from Jacksonville, Florida, caught a fish that weighed 620 pounds. Unfortunately, Mr. Finch weighed only 220 pounds—and when last seen was floating due south along the Gulf of Mexico.

Another interesting bit of news occurred when Lemuel Grovis, a farmer from Butte, Montana, lost his wallet during a storm at sea at the beginning of the year. Then, last November, he was out fishing in that same area and caught a tremendous striped bass. When he brought it home and opened the fish up—sure enough, there in the throat of the fish was the biggest pair of gill-linings you ever did see!

Fishing Forecast



Fishing for the year 1966 looks equally great for everyone—except the fish, that is. The best places to fish are in lakes, or oceans—or any other place that is a body of water, to be sure. The best bait are worms and snails, although for special-type fishing special-type bait is required. For example, mice are always good for catfish—and cream sauce invariably does wonders with herring. Likewise, mayonnaise for tuna. And diamonds are usually the best bait for hooking a mermaid. By all means, avoid jail-bait, whatever you're after!



Proper reels are also important. In most rural areas the Virginia Reel is considered the most popular. Also stylish this year is fly-fishing—which is very nice if you like fishing for flies. You are cautioned to remember that barking fish seldom bite!

Just bear these suggestions in mind but don't let them go to your head—or you're liable to wind up with water-on-the-brain!

Secrets of the Zodiac

MAN OF THE TIMES

(With Body Areas Controlled)

TAURUS (Wrinkles)

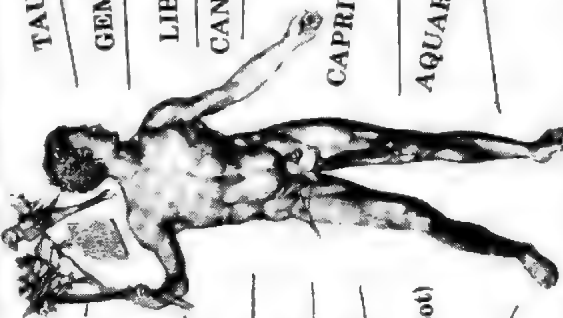
GEMINI (Body Odor)

LIBRA (Ulcer)

CANCER (Indigestion)

CAPRICORN (Knock-Knees)

AQUARIUS (Varicose Veins)



ARIES (Pock Marks)

SAGITTARIUS
(Charley Horse)

LEO (Heartburn)

VIRGO (Pot Belly)

SCORPIO (Hernia)

PISCES (Athlete's Foot)

WOMAN OF THE TIMES

ARIES (Wig)

TAURUS (False Eyelashes)

CANCER (Capped Teeth)

SCORPIO (Falsies)

SAGITTARIUS (Padding)

AQUARIUS (Leg Makeup)

GEMINI (Contact Lens)

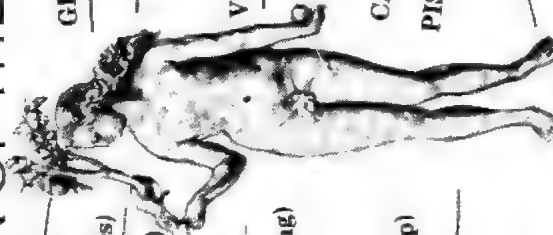
LEO (Nose Job)

LIBRA (Face Lift)

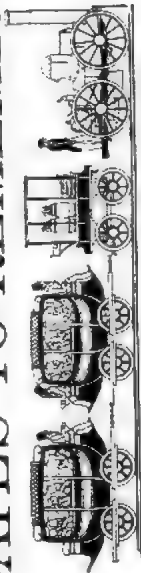
VIRGO (Post-Birthmark)

CAPRICORN (Store Nails)

PISCES (Painted Toenails)



FAR MISS ALMANACK DATES TO REMEMBER



(For The Calendar Year 1966)

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| January 3 | - Tough sledding today—no snow. |
| January 17 | - Price of linseed oil going up 5¢ a bottle. Buy now by the carload. |
| February 4 | - Sun will rise early today—if the weather is nice. |
| February 18 | - Great blizzard. Sale of galoshes will go up 30%. |
| March 22 | - SPRING BEGINS. Official time: between 2 and 3 in the afternoon—depending on the weather. |
| March 29 | - Ideal time to get married. Price of rice going up 18¢ a throw. |
| April 6 | - Price of rhubarb going up 2¢ a bushel. Forget it. |
| May 26 | - Combination caffein-benzedrine pill will appear on the market. You won't be able to sleep but you'll be happy about it. |
| June 1 | - Wedding season begins. Sale of shotguns going up 5%. |
| June 22 | - FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. In case of rain it will be held the following day. |
| July 14 | - Good time to screen your flies. Allow only the non-troublesome ones into the house. |
| August 15 | - Fish will spawn. Hens will lay. Wild Geese will call. Better get out of town until it all blows over! |
| September 21 | - Summer is over. Winter draws on. |
| September 22 | - FALL SEASON BEGINS. Rake those leaves. Tote that barge. Lift that bale. Don't get drunk or you'll land in jail! |
| October 24 | - First experiment to cross-breed a St. Bernard Dog with a Mule so that the brandy it brings will have an added kick to it! |
| November 4 | - Government will pay you more not to produce. So get out there and not produce more than you've never not produced before! |
| November 25 | - Thanksgiving. Give thanks this parody is almost over. |
| December 22 | - WINTER SEASON BEGINS. Stay indoors, read a good book, don't worry about the crops, watch your daughter with that traveling salesman and lots of luck! |
| December 25 | - Don't forget: Only 364 more shopping days till next Christmas! |

Tips on Planting Crops



The best time to plant your crops is in the daytime. During evening hours it gets very dark and you're liable to throw barley seeds into the alfalfa patch. Another important thing to remember is that you should be certain to rotate your crops. A good way to do this is to arrange them in alphabetical order so that you won't get all mixed up. Start with anchovi and keep working your way down to zillia.

Another important ingredient in the planting of crops is fertilizer. This means that no farm should be without a couple of horses in the fields. A good way to handle this situation is to sprinkle laxatives in the cow pasture. This is the most economical way. You might also investigate the new 1966 brand of fertilizer that contains chlorophyl. This is the latest invention designed to keep nosey neighbors from getting wind of what you're doing.

The following table has been drawn up to show you when the best season is for planting certain crops that are not commonly planted today:

SUMMER	AUTUMN	WINTER	SPRING
Soup Greens	Tangerines	Bitter Herbs	Cauliflower Ears
Succotash	Nectarines	Sweet Herbs	Horse Radishes
Leechie Nuts	Octarines	Chicken Feed	Black Eyed Peas
Marijuana	Sweet Corn	Crabgrass	Red Eyed Peas
Hashish	Sour Corn	Halvah	Bloodshoteyed Peas

HOW TO DO AWAY WITH INSECT PESTS

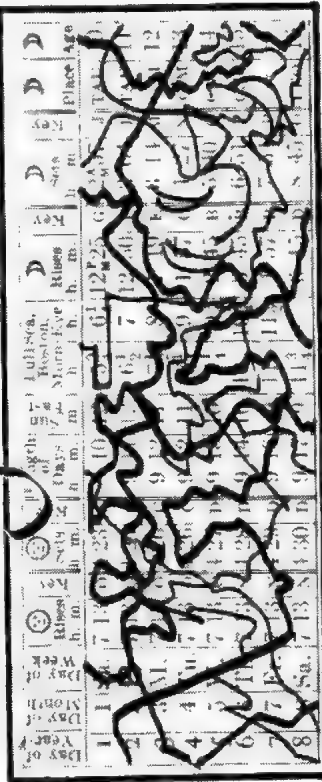


One of the deadliest foes of farmers everywhere is the insect—annoying pests like beetles in your barley, moths in your melons, lice in your lettuce and ants in your pants! What the modern farmer must do is to find new ways of combatting these tiny killers. One of the more recent ideas toward this end is camouflage.

Simply by redesigning your fields to make them appear to be what they're not, your farm is certain to fool a great many of the ravaging insects. This can be done in a countless variety of ways. One method is to place two dummy airplanes in the center of your field and try to make it look like an airport. Another way is to make your pasture diamond-shaped so that it resembles a baseball field. Since all insects instinctively go where plant life is, these camouflages will throw them off their course.

If all other methods fail however, as a last resort you can use this gimmick: Circulate smoke high above your field which will form a huge mushroom-shaped cloud. This is guaranteed to frighten away all insect pests—especially these days. This is also guaranteed to frighten away all human pests who happen to be scavenging in the area!

Last Year's Weather



This map represents all the weather we had in 1965. Heavy lines indicate cold fronts. Light lines indicate hot spells. Shaky lines indicate nervous artist.

Last year's weather was nothing to sneeze about—especially in the summertime. For example, it was so hot in St. Louis last August that the chickens were laying medium-boiled eggs. However our amazing forecaster, Abe Weatherworn, has done it again with his fantastic predictions of last year.

A year ago today, Abe predicted the weather in 1965 would be much warmer than it was in 1964. And for him it was. He spent the whole year in Miami. As for the rest of the country, the weather was much worse. In California, for example, it rained for 87 consecutive days, although the Chamber of Commerce still insists it was heavy smog.

Nevertheless, Abe Weatherworn did predict that there would be 14 heat waves and 93 sunshowers throughout the country. This did happen last summer. Unfortunately, he predicted it for the wintertime!

With all the fallout in the air however, the weather has been all topsyturvy. It just seemed to run hot and cold. In Blazes, New Mexico, on July 23, the temperatures reached 139 degrees. Not only were the chickens laying medium-boiled eggs, but the cows were giving hot milk! By the same token, in Bangor, Maine, it dropped to 42 below on February 9. It was so cold there were no children born all during this period as every woman was frigid. The biggest snow job however, was reported in the State of Alabama.

So there you have it once again. Abe Weatherworn will report on next year's weather this year. His slogan being, "everybody tries to do something about the weather, but nobody talks about it anymore!"

1966 Weather Forecast



(based on predictions by Abe Weatherworn)

Since he didn't do too well in predicting the weather for 1965, Abe Weatherworn is getting another chance to come up with the right forecasts for 1966. A year from today we'll know whether he's still a hot property or whether he'll be out in the cold. Here then, are his predictions:

WINTER—November to March: These months will be very cold. This will be especially true in places like Greenland, Antarctica and Frostyville, Kansas. About the only heat we'll have will come from places like Hollywood and Rome. There'll be no white Christmas however, except in places like the Deep South.

SPRING—March to July: The weather will start getting nice. In fact, it'll be so nice that old men's fancies will turn too. Winds will continue blowing in Chicago, and all wolves are advised to stand on street corners to watch the girls go by. In Rhode Island though, there will be 86 inches of rain—which will wash that tiny state right down the Delaware River.

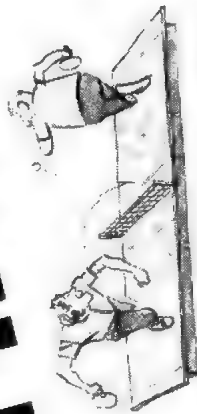
SUMMER—July to September: This time period is expected to be very hot—especially in places like Vietnam. This will be caused by a lot of hot air blowing in from Red China. The heat will be on in Chicago and Miami, but in hillbilly country it'll be luke-warm. The only place that'll remain cool is Greenwich Village in New York City.

AUTUMN—September to November: The weather will become quite balmy at this time. Things are expected to cool off a bit, especially in the regions between Red China and Russia. Also France and the United States. Only Las Vegas will still experience a hot streak. Autumn leaves will start falling, birds will be singing and mainly, comedy writers will run out of funny things to say about the weather. In Washington, D.C. however, there will be no change!

THE FUTURE TREND IN SPORTS MAGAZINES

Sports magazines today are getting more and more specialized. Already we have entire publications devoted exclusively to Hockey, Boxing, Wrestling, Basketball, Tennis, Surfing and other major sports. If this keeps up we may soon see the minor sports in print—like these examples of...

PING PONG



NOBODY COULD RETURN MY SERVE
I Never Got It On The Table!

EXCLUSIVE:
Are The Racket Boys Getting
Into Ping Pong?

**I BEAT HIM WITH ONE HAND TIED
BEHIND MY BACK!**
(It Was HIS Hand)

SPECIAL:
The Two Midgets Who Played Tennis
Standing On The Table

I HAD MY EYE ON THE BALL
It Hit Me In The Face!

Tips On Saving \$\$\$:
NEVER SLAM A CHEAP PING PONG BALL

I HAD A GREAT RACKET
Shaving Points In Ping Pong Tournaments

I PLAYED WITH A SADIST!
(He Whipped Me)

BREAKUP
THE NETS

VOLLEYBALL



HOW WE BEAT THEM BY USING OUR HEADS

THE DAY I GOT TANGLED UP IN THE NET
That 2 Guys In White Jackets Had Over Me!

From a Nudist Camp:
**WHAT IT'S LIKE TO PLAY WITHOUT
YOUR CLOTHES ON!**

I RACKED UP 102 POINTS IN ONE GAME!
Unfortunately, For The Other Team

A Player's Strange Hunt:
THEY SENT ME FOR A LEFT-HANDED VOLLEY BALL!

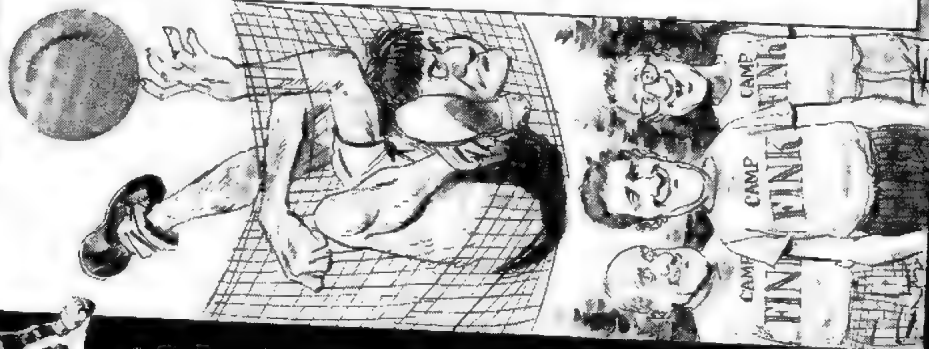
**YOU CAN GET A CHARLEY HORSE IN
THE HEAD!**

**THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T PLAY BALL
WITH ME**

She Said I Was All Hands!

**I DEFEATED SIX OPPONENTS
WITH ONE HAND!**

Why They Ever Put Six One-Handed
Opponents Against Me I'll Never Know!



HANDBALL



MO
Ball playing

An Overseas Exclusive:
**WHAT IT'S LIKE TO PLAY HANDBALL
AGAINST THE BERLIN WALL!**

I RETURNED A VOLLEY 187 TIMES!
Unfortunately My Opponent Stopped
At 18

A Girl Player's Lament:
**HE DRAGGED ME BEHIND THE HANDBALL COURT
AND BEAT ME**
(The score was 21-7)

NEVER PLAY BLACK BALL WITHOUT YOUR GLOVES ON
Especially If You Happen To Play The Piano

I HAD THE GAME IN THE PALM OF MY HAND
But Couldn't Hit It Against The Wall!

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE
But They're Great For Black Ball Playing

SO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A HANGNAIL?

Extra Special!

**10-PAGE FULL COLOR SECTION
OF BLACK-AND-WHITE HANDBALLS**

Art by Angelo Torres

Extra Special: **FULL-COLOR SECTION ON RING O'LEVIO,
KICK THE CAN AND PLANTING HOT-FOOTS**

KID SPORTS



More Realism In Kid Sports:
PLAYING HOPSCOTCH WITH REAL SCOTCH!

BLIND MANS BLUFF:
Personally I Can't See It!

**THE BOY THEY CAUGHT WITH LOADED
TIDDLEDEEWINKS**
IT'S ALRIGHT TO SHOOT DICE
But Don't Let 'Em Catch You Praying!

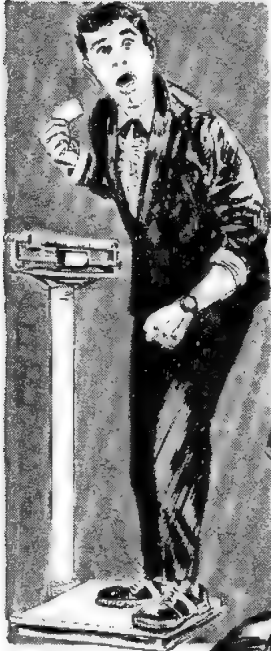
THE KID WHO LOST HIS MARBLES!
Special Book Bonus

A New Game For Kids To Play:
H O O K E Y
MY PARENTS PLAYED HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH ME
And They're Still Hiding!

Script by Paul Laikin

We've all seen those ridiculous fortune cards that come out of penny weight-machines. They're almost always completely opposite in their description of the person being weighed. To give you a for-instance, we passed by such a machine on the corner of Hollywood and Vine recently and picked up off the ground these discarded examples of...

Celebrity



JERRY LEWIS

You are much too inhibited. Get out of your shell and put a little fun in your life.



FRANK SINATRA

You follow others like a lost sheep. There must be some area you know in which you can lead.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

You are in terrible shape. Pull yourself together or you'll never walk gracefully amongst people.



RINGO STARR

You will never amount to anything as your sloppy appearance repels people who might otherwise like you.



YOGI BERRA

You are a good talker with a lot of polish, only beware of being overly suave and sophisticated.

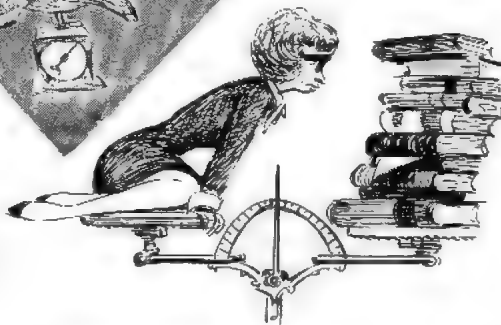


BOBBY KENNEDY

You are far too backward and will never get ahead unless you stop people from using you as a mat.

JOYCE BROTHERS

You should seek expert advice as you don't know how to cope with your problems.



PABLO PICASSO

You seem to get lost in the shuffle as you're too conventional. Be different and express yourself more.



FREEDOM
LATER!

WEIGHT MACHINE Fortunes

OSCAR LEVANT

You are too realistic and down-to-earth. You'd be better off letting your mind wander occasionally.

JIMMY HOFFA

You let people walk all over you. Don't be afraid to stand your ground and fight back.

ED SULLIVAN

You have a warm and ingratiating personality with a smile that wins others but beware that you don't overdo it.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

You're too shy and backward which gives you trouble meeting the opposite sex. Broaden yourself by traveling.

HUGH HEFNER

You don't know how to enjoy life. Go out and find some feminine companionship.

JACKIE GLEASON

You should get off this scale immediately, you clod, as you're breaking the darn thing!

HUCKLEBERRY FINK

You have a high degree of intelligence and should go far in sophisticated circles.

CASSIUS CLAY

You are far too humble. Try to find your good points and don't be afraid to tell people about it.

It is revealed that 93.1% of all network programs are owned or controlled by networks—which is a lot of power in one place, and we suspect that there is more to this than meets the eye. With such enormous influence at its disposal, we imagine that a new show might be formulated in this manner, with the background music softly playing.



MY TIME IS PRIME TIME

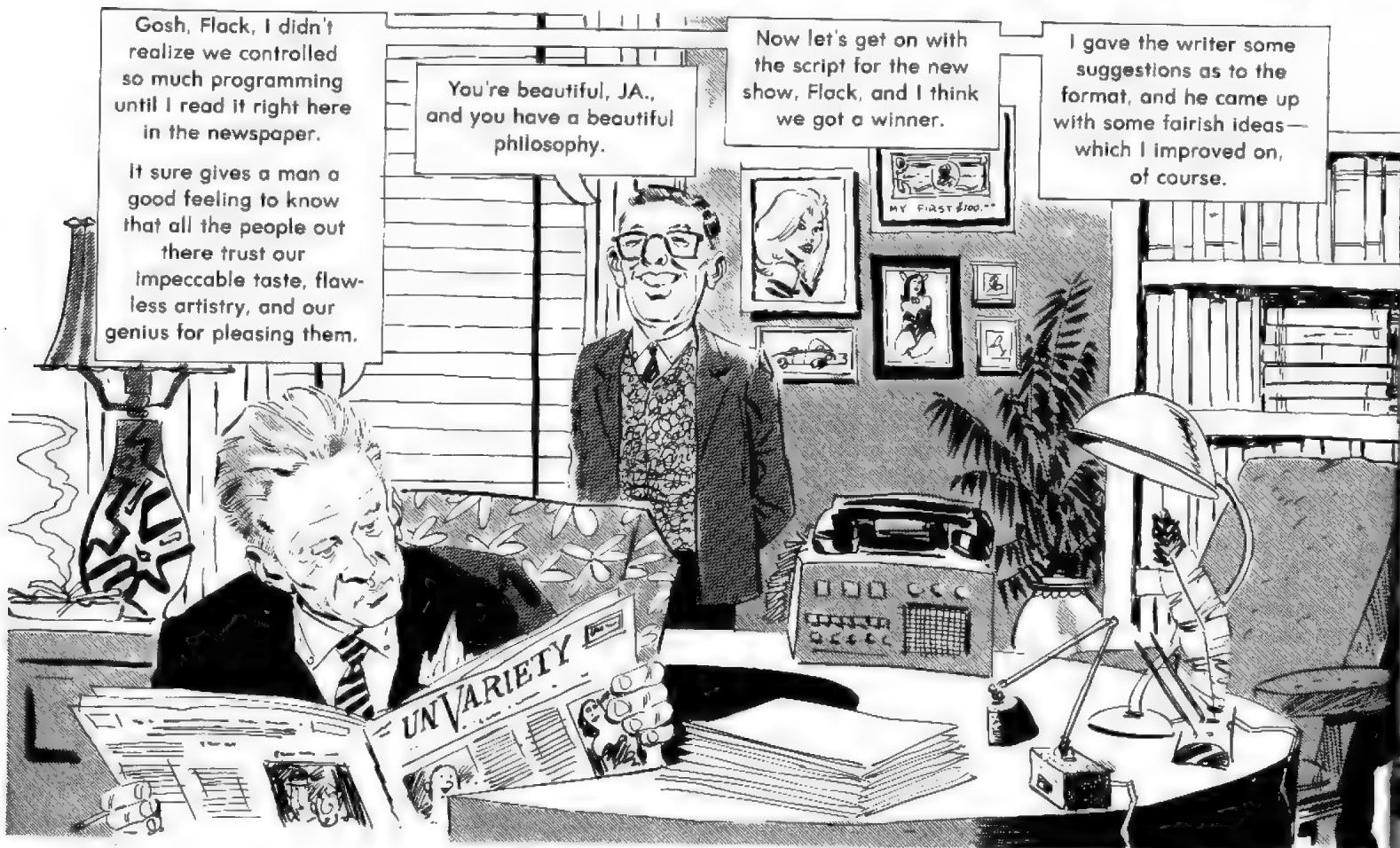
Gosh, Flack, I didn't realize we controlled so much programming until I read it right here in the newspaper.

It sure gives a man a good feeling to know that all the people out there trust our impeccable taste, flawless artistry, and our genius for pleasing them.

You're beautiful, JA., and you have a beautiful philosophy.

Now let's get on with the script for the new show, Flack, and I think we got a winner.

I gave the writer some suggestions as to the format, and he came up with some fairish ideas—which I improved on, of course.



Now I got a hot idea on this one. CBS is running a 20.8 Nielsen on account of the papers say they did it with Cinderella. Leading by a nose, they say—

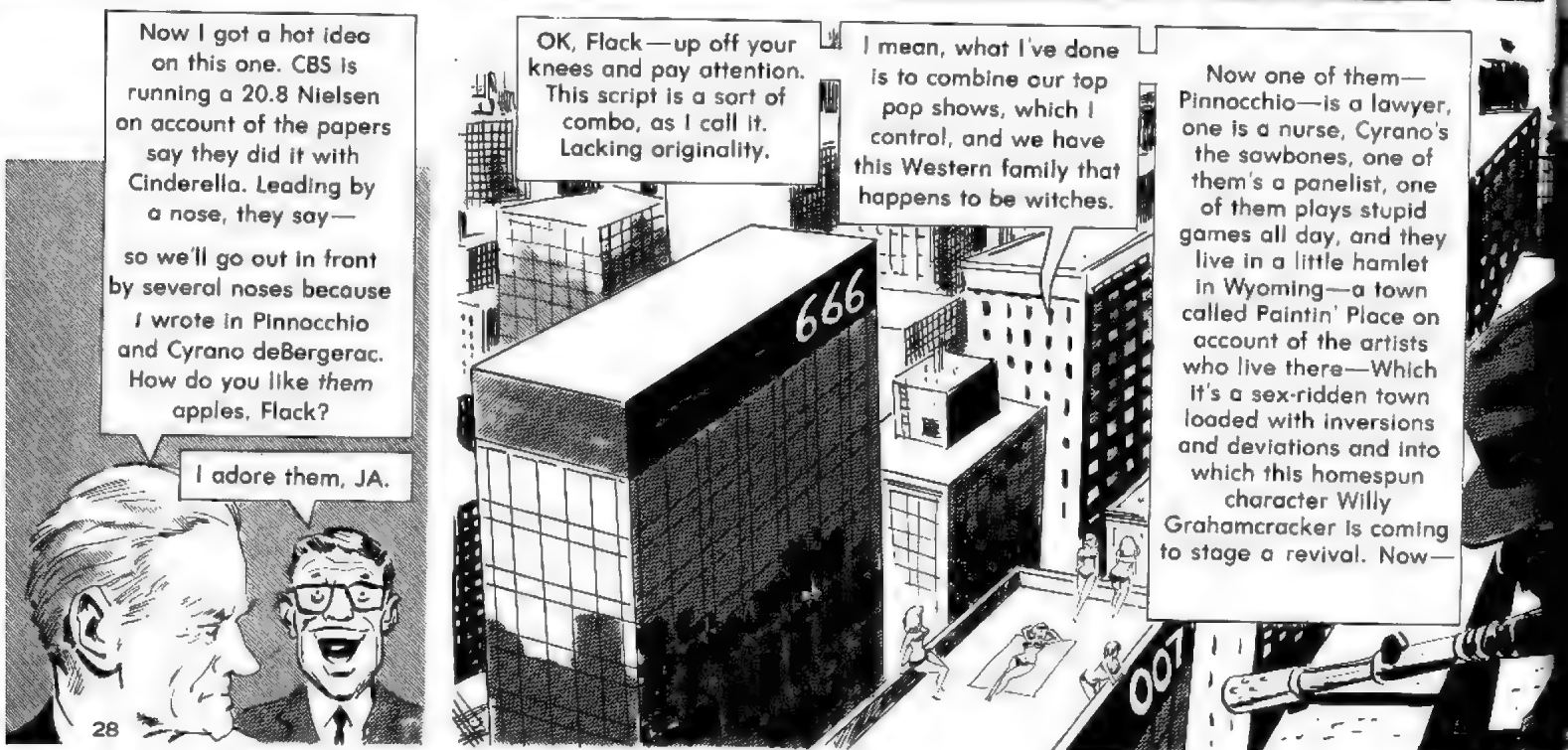
so we'll go out in front by several noses because I wrote in Pinnocchio and Cyrano de Bergerac. How do you like them apples, Flack?

I adore them, JA.

OK, Flack—up off your knees and pay attention. This script is a sort of combo, as I call it. Lacking originality.

I mean, what I've done is to combine our top pop shows, which I control, and we have this Western family that happens to be witches.

Now one of them—Pinnocchio—is a lawyer, one is a nurse, Cyrano's the sawbones, one of them's a panelist, one of them plays stupid games all day, and they live in a little hamlet in Wyoming—a town called Paintin' Place on account of the artists who live there—Which it's a sex-ridden town loaded with inversions and deviations and into which this homespun character Willy Grahamcracker is coming to stage a revival. Now—



But what's the premise?
The theme? The story
line?

You've forgotten, Flack
—this is TV. You want
everything?



Beg your humble pardon,
sir. What does the
sponsor think of your
masterpiece?

They're due here any
minute—not that their
opinion will have any
bearing on the matter,
but—this is a democracy
they say—actually, it's
a federal republic—
and every man in this
business is entitled to
my opinion.



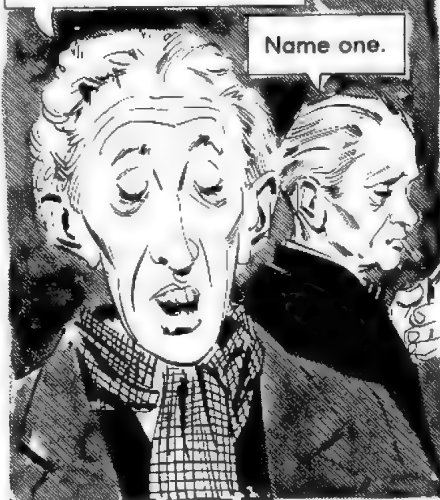
Mr. Garish and Mr.
Potboil sir.

Don't take off your coats,
gentlemen. You won't
be here that long. You've
read the script?

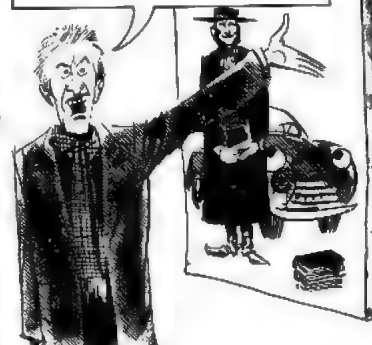


I certainly did, and as
the writer, I take ex-
ception to quite a few
things.

Name one.



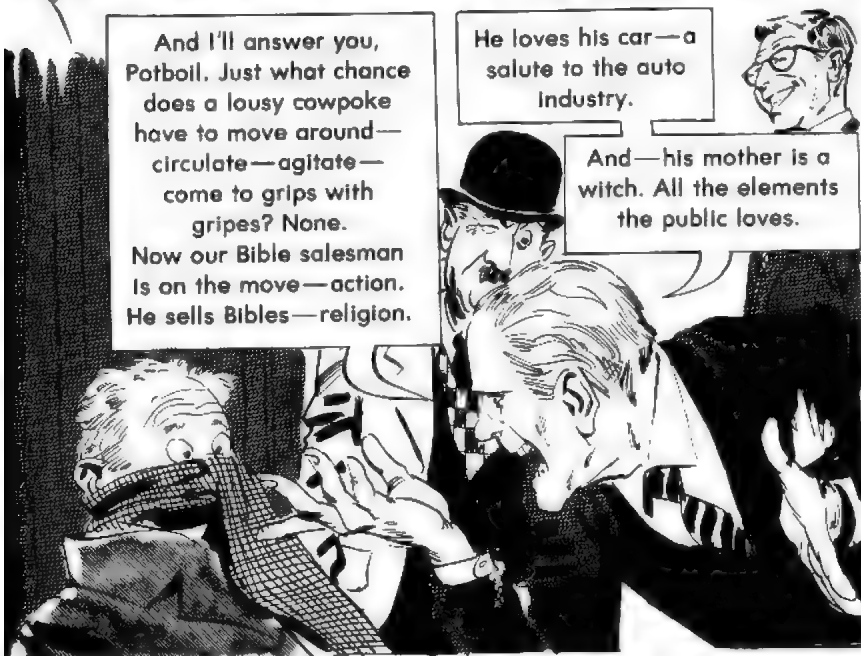
I originally had as the
protagonist a stern
lawman in conflict with
deep emotions—that's
Dan Dauntless—and I
see you've changed him
to a Bible salesman
who's in love with his
Peugeot. Now I ask you—



And I'll answer you,
Potboil. Just what chance
does a lousy cowpoke
have to move around—
circulate—agitate—
come to grips with
gripes? None.
Now our Bible salesman
is on the move—action.
He sells Bibles—religion.

He loves his car—a
salute to the auto
industry.

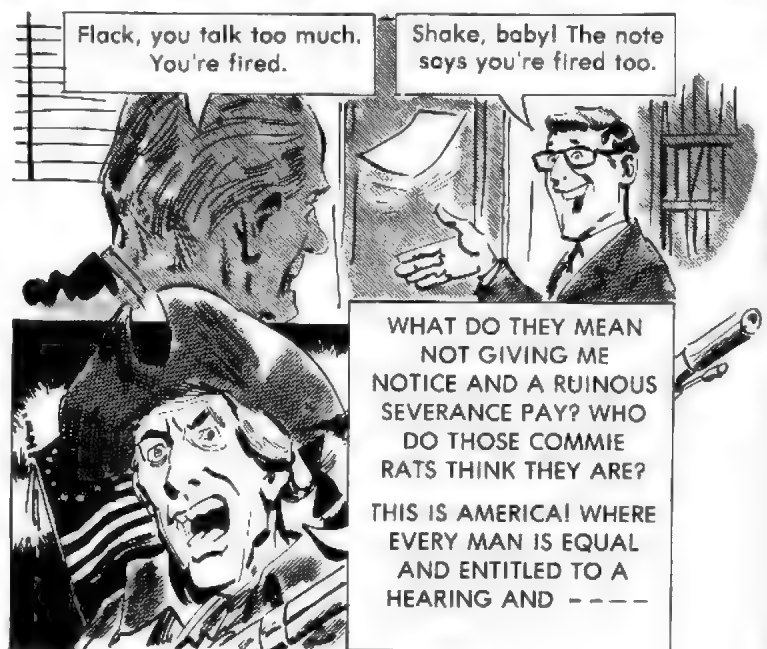
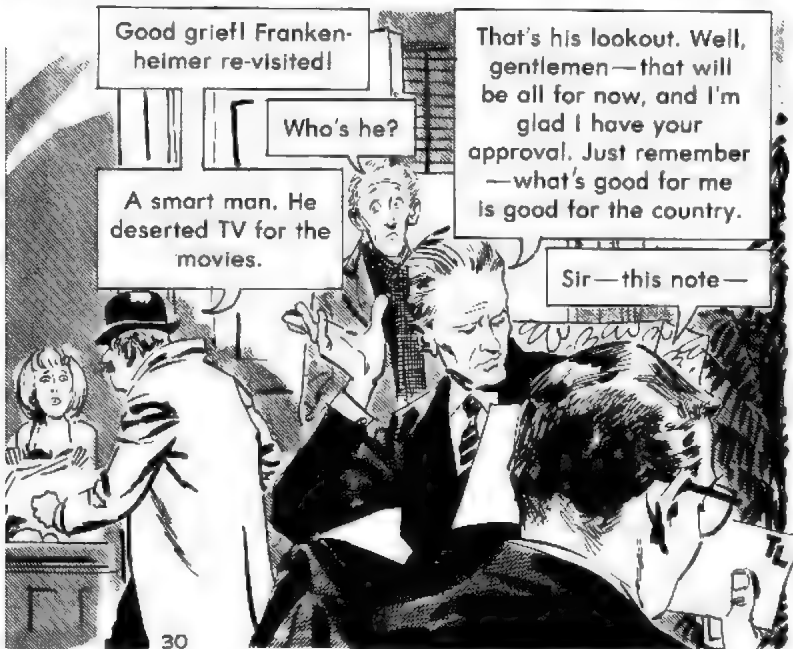
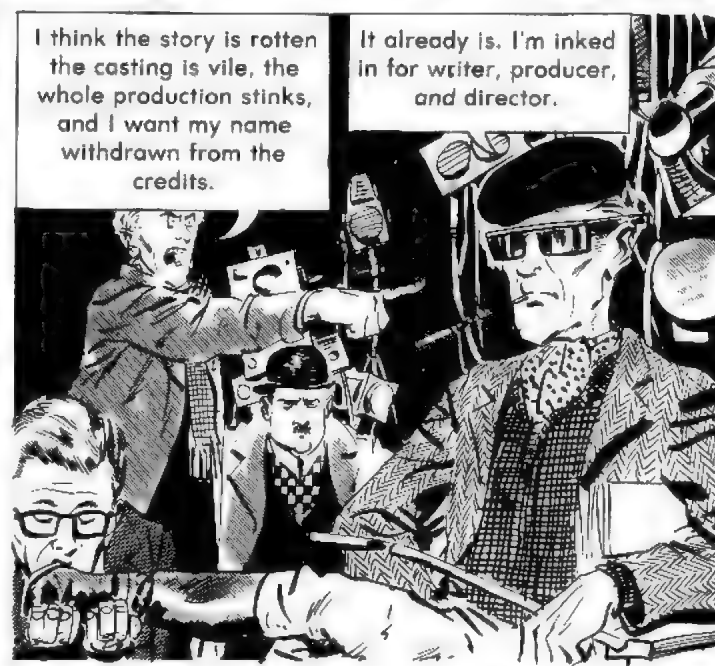
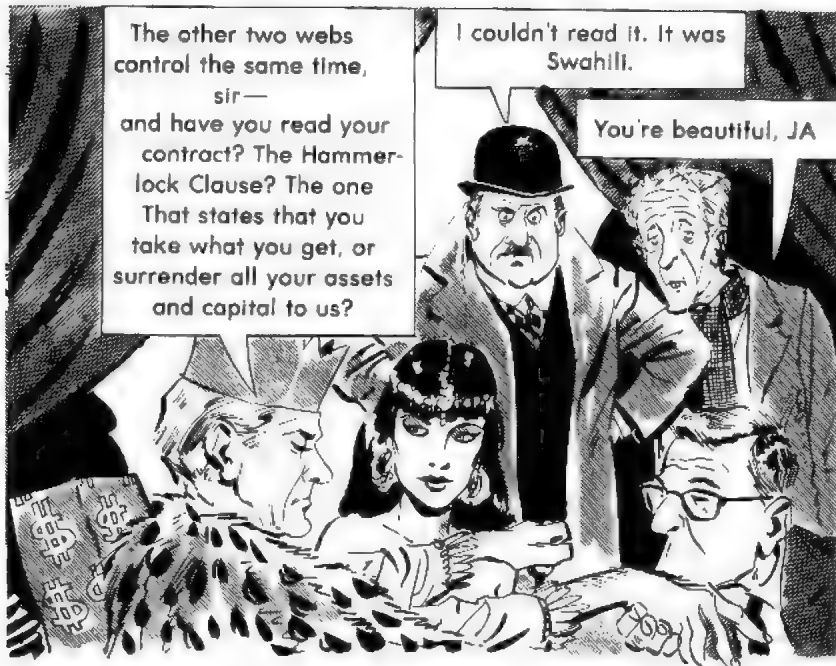
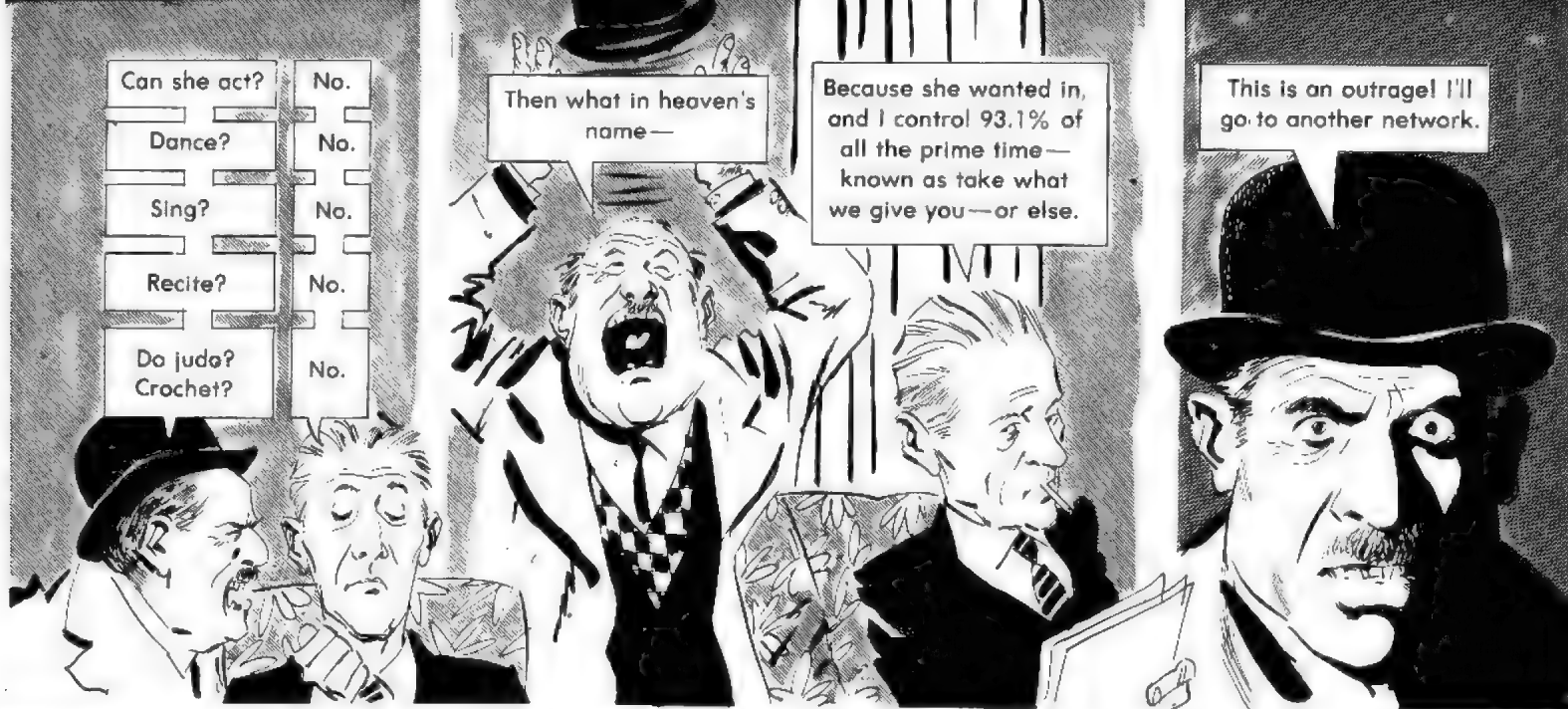
And—his mother is a
witch. All the elements
the public loves.



I notice that in the
casting you've substituted
one Melodie Dabchick
for Ave Gardiniere, the
sultry practitioner of
black magic. Who's this
Dabchick chick?

My sister-in-law. Any
objections?



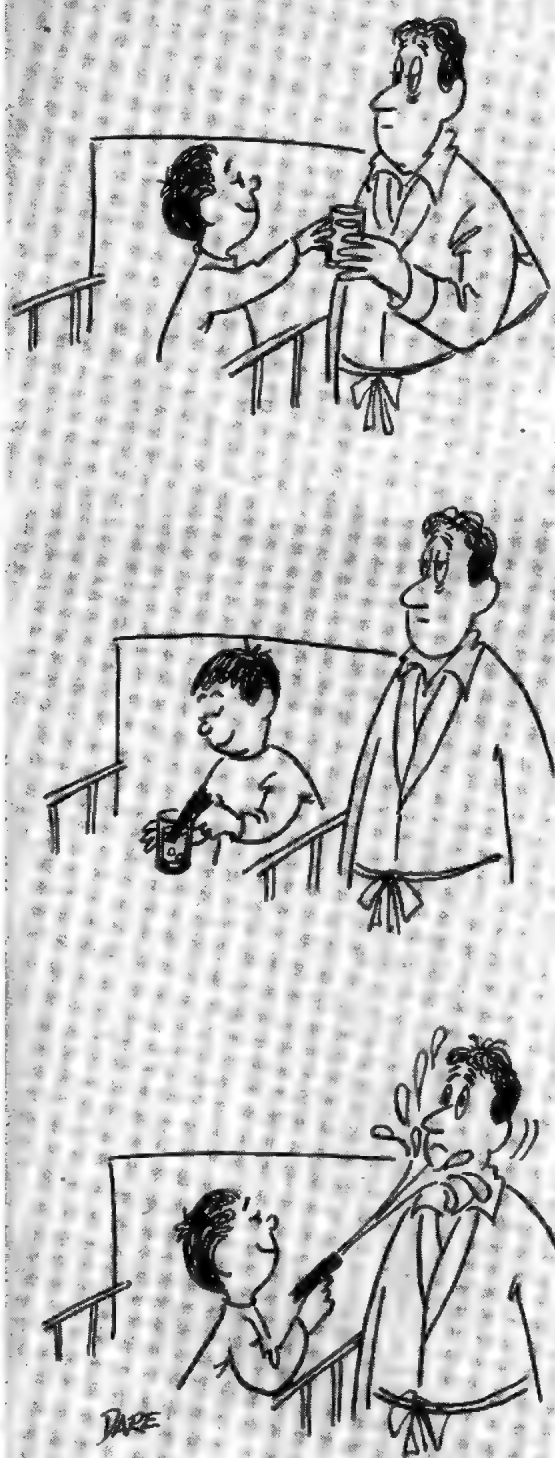


WE'RE FOR
CORRUPTION
IN
GOVERNMENT



SIMON SeZ:

by Joe Simon



ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This is our Protest Issue. What we're doing is attacking everything and everybody—even ourselves—in an effort to do away with sham and hypocrisy; in an effort to bring about equality and justice; but most of all, in an effort to fill up 52 pages. It isn't easy, you know, and we protest a lot ourselves. You might say then, that this issue is a true expression of SICK...

ANNIVERSARY

You're probably all wondering whatever happened to that giant 5th Year Anniversary Edition of SICK we were putting out. Well, we're finally getting around to it. As a matter of fact, we're starting on it right after the party celebrating the 6th Anniversary of SICK. So keep watching those newsstands as this extra-fantabulous edition will be out real soon...

PROFILE PAGE

Readers keep asking how we intend to fill our "Profile Page" after we run out of staff members to write about. The answer is simple. We'll never run out. We consider everybody around here a SICK staffer—from the mailman (who brings u your letters)—to our shoeshine boy (who gives us our ideas)—to the Good Humor Man on the corner (who, living up to his name, is our severest critic). They all contribute to SICK and all have interesting stories to tell. Even you, the reader, may have a newsworthy biography we could print. How about it out there???

INNER CIRCLE BUTTON



Another item on our agenda is the SICK Inner Circle Kit. This too is in the works. Should there be a snag however, we are now offering the Inner Circle Button (same size as shown) for the ridiculous price of 25¢. This is to cover the cost of handling and mailing—whatever that means. All we know is that we stick a piece of cardboard in an envelope. But you'll find it's worth it—because if you don't like the button you can always put the cardboard on your lapel. Anyway, the supply is limited (about 2,000,000 at last count) so send in those quarters today...

NEWS OF LAST ISSUE

Comic Book Fans are up in arms over our last issue. They're threatening to boot us out of the Comic Book Hall of Fame for savagely lampooning their idols. Keep it up and we may do another issue on Comic Book Fans who threaten humor magazines. And we're just the SICK guys who can do it too!!!

ARTWORK REAL GEORGE

Another interesting note on our Pop Art issue concerns the Superfan Fanzine—the one that drew so many letters. We wonder how many of you fans are aware that to illustrate this feature, SICK hired none other than George Tuska to do the artwork. Yes—the same George Tuska who does the Buck Rogers Comic Strip which appears in newspapers all over the world. How's that for a touch of class? Can we kiss and make up now, fans??? (Continued on page 47)

Are you having **PROBLEMS** finding SICK Magazine in your area? If so, would you drop us a line and we'll send a couple of boys out to square matters with your friendly newsdealer. If you can't stand violence, you can always subscribe. Rates, U.S. and possessions; \$2.00 for 8 issues; Elsewhere \$2.50.

SICK 32 WEST 22nd STREET • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



Trends

With the advent of Peyton Place as a night time serial, the TV copy cats are jumping on the bandwagon and churning out "continuing stories" for evening viewing. Millions of words of trash will be written to give them class, but no matter how thin you slice it, it will still come out soap opera, and it looks as if the webs will be awash with suds from now on.

SICK, going along with this historical step backwards, looked around for a suitable subject for a continuing story, and came up with today's fall-guy, The Teenager—who is fast becoming "the nation's tastemaker in fashions, music, hair styles, and hip talk." Since four fifths of the new crop of shows is aimed at non-adults, we think this will be next season's smash, so grab a cake of Dove and curl up with a cup of steaming Wisk as we explore the agony and ecstasy of

THE SNEAKER SET

A
PROTEST
AGAINST
SOAP

SCENE IS AVERAGE, NORMAL FAMILY ABOUT TO ENJOY THE RITUAL OF BREAKFAST WITH THEIR TEEN SON AND DAUGHTER. THIS IS THE ONLY TIME THEY SEE EACH OTHER ALL DAY. IN FACT, SOME AVERAGE FAMILIES NEVER SEE EACH OTHER FOR WEEKS, SINCE THE CHILDREN ARE TOO BUSY SETTING NATIONAL TASTES TO EVEN BOTHER COMING HOME.

I wonder what's keeping Tom and Mary? I've been up since four A.M. preparing a gourmet breakfast, and I don't want it should get cold.

I can't wait much longer, because I have to be down at the plant early. We're deciding what new automobile model we'll put into production.

You know your firm can't start production 'til the children approve. Remember—they're the nation's tastemakers in fashion, music, hair styles, hip talk, and, I guess, autos.

Good morning, Tom and Mary.

All that's changed now. Our names are Deirdre and Sean. It's the hip bit—the name to suit the image.

By nightfall every teen keen in the nation will have changed their names, since we're the tastemakers. It's the vaunchy thing to do.



No. An egg beater. Actually, I was admiring your hairdo. I can't see your face, but your hair is nice. What is it?

It's called the Blinder, and goes with my avant boy-girl ensemble. By noon today it will be the latest teenage rage, with childish, adult women copying it in their pitiful attempts to be one with us.



So your chemistry did do some good. What's in the formula?

Bicarbonate of soda, chocolate chip ice cream, and vanilla extract.



What are your plans for today, dears? I mean after you've checked over the new design for the automobile your father's firm is contemplating.

We're meeting with The Sneaker Set at the Ked Klub to draft some changes in the nation's taste in music, foreign cars and policy, farm subsidies, and chewing gum flavors.



Such power! Such influence! Such terrorist tactics!

By the way, Father—your firm may have to junk the plans for the new car. From the sneak preview of the mockup, we think it's too reactionary. I mean—four round wheels—an engine—doors—all that old fashioned stuff.



But it cost millions to tool up! We'll be ruined!

You mean you'll be ruined. Our income from various testimonials for teen products will soar over the 30 million mark. When your firm fails, I'll buy it and make you president—in name only.

Come on, Deirdre—we're off to the Ked Klub to change the taste habits of the nation, and to deal with teen problems that no one dares to talk about openly.

Good, good! Just let us parents know where we failed you.



And sonny—put in a good word for us? You know what I mean.

About what we discussed in one of our man-to-man talks.

What man-to-man talks? What do you mean? What are you doing to your old mother?

Sorry, mother—you'll have to wait until the next installment.



HOPE AND FEAR ARE IN THE EYES OF MOM AND DAD AS THEY WATCH THEIR CHILDREN LEAVE—HOPE THAT THE KIDS WON'T SHOW UP FOR A FEW WEEKS—FEAR THAT THEY'LL MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF SICK SO THEY'LL ALSO MISS READING WHAT THE KIDS SAY BEHIND THEIR BACKS.

AS FOR SEAN, WHAT WILL HE SAY TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KED KLUB? WHAT WILL DEIRDRE SAY TO SEAN? WHAT NEW FOUR LETTER WORDS WILL BE INVENTED?

DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF THE SNEAKER SET—ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS AS SOON AS WE PAY OUR PRINTING BILL. YOU'LL SEE A BOP SESSION FOR NED—A SECRET HAIRDO FOR IRMGARD—COMPLICATIONS FOR DRESS DESIGNER BIFF BIXBY. MEANTIME—HERE'S SOAP IN YOUR EYE!

For the first time in a humor magazine (and maybe the last) we bring you a feature designed to drive you crazy. Actually, this is what it does to guinea pigs in scientific experiments. This time, you're the guinea pig. All you have to do is draw a consecutive line through the spaces from the starting point to the exit—without touching another line.

To inject a note of humor (we hope) we've made the exit a box-office window where the change-of-price sign is about to go up. Let's see how long it takes you to get to the movies before the prices go up. You can see if you made it by timing yourself with a watch, then checking your scoring below. With that maze words out of the way, let's begin. Are you ready? Then get set... **GO!!!**

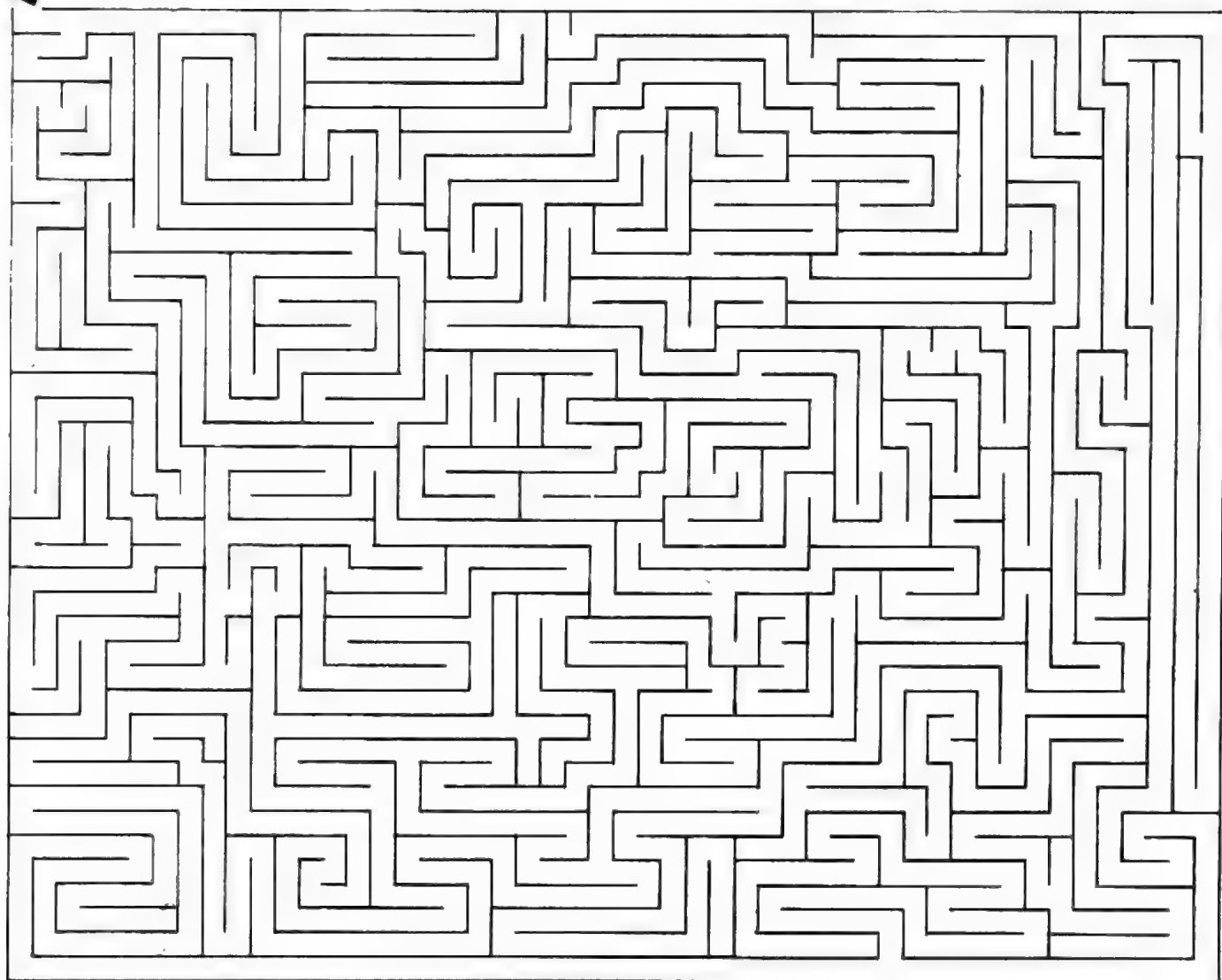
Start here



SICK

PUZZLE FOR ALL AGES

created by
Robert F. Billingsley



Exit here

MAZE

— TIME SCORING —

ZERO TO 30 SECONDS —

If it took you less than 30 seconds to get to the box office, then you arrived before the price changed, so lots of luck and enjoy the picture.

30 TO 60 SECONDS —

If it took between 30 and 60 seconds to arrive then you got there just as the sign was going up, so you'll probably have a hassle with the cashier.

60 TO 120 SECONDS —

If it took you over a minute to get to the scene then forget it and shell out the higher price if you want to see the movie.

120 TO 300 SECONDS —

If it took you over two minutes to get there then better hurry up and pay the raised admission as the film is starting already.

OVER 300 SECONDS —

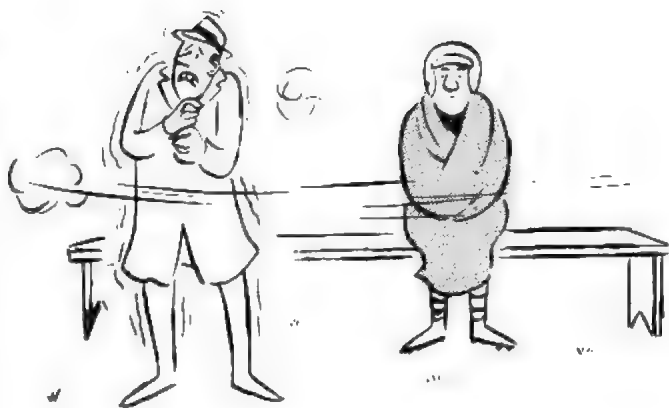
If it took you all this time then forget about going inside as this picture is one in which nobody is seated after the first five minutes.

STILL UNFINISHED —

If you couldn't even finish the maze then forget about even going to the box-office and go to a psychiatrist instead.



answer to maze on Page 47



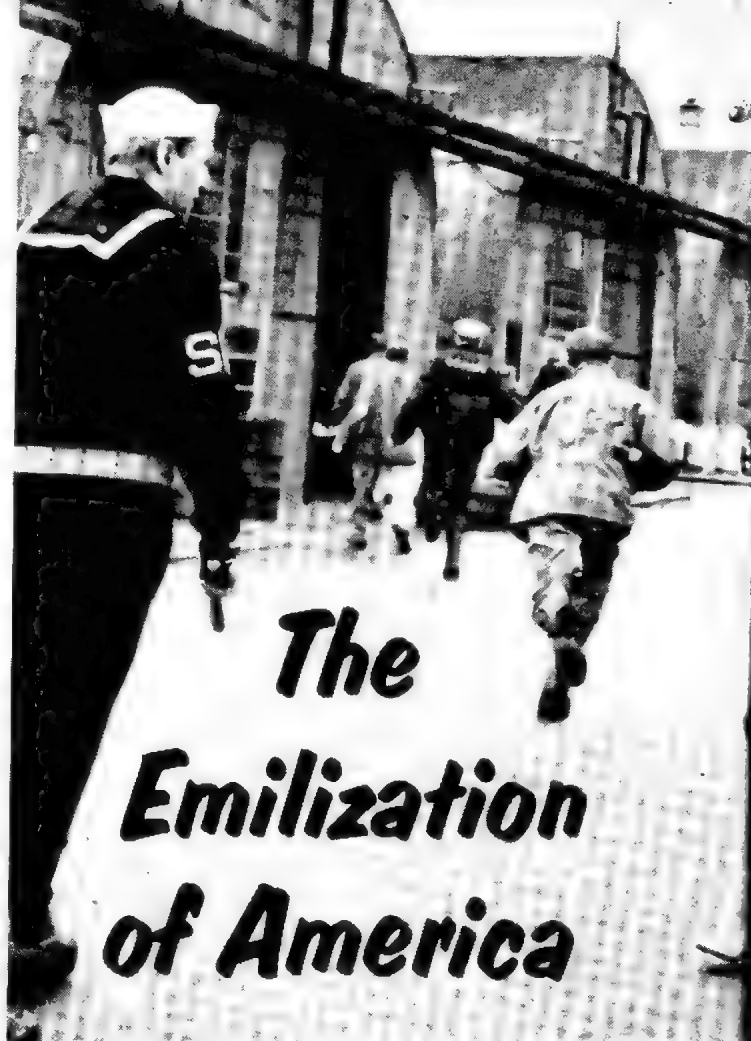
Albano

This is the story of a "reluctant hero" and a heroine who falls for heroes reluctantly. We guarantee you it's a block-buster. After you see it, you'll want to bust up the whole block! It's a satire of World War II and if you got your kicks from this war then the film will really break you up. It stars James Garner in the role of a naval officer who is such a coward he's afraid of Sick Call, and he's the hero of the picture yet! Co-starring with him is Julie Andrews as a young British widow whom the war causes to become Americanized. This means she starts buying on the installment plan, opening up charge accounts and asking boy-friends to take her "someplace nice." At the end of the picture she starts talking like Shirley Booth.

Also featured is Melvin Douglas as a lecherous old Rear Admiral who has a lecherous eye for admirable old rears. He really sets an eyeful in this picture as they've brought in three new shapely starlets to give the film "bite." As it turned out, they had to stop the shooting several times when the cameramen tried to bite the starlets.

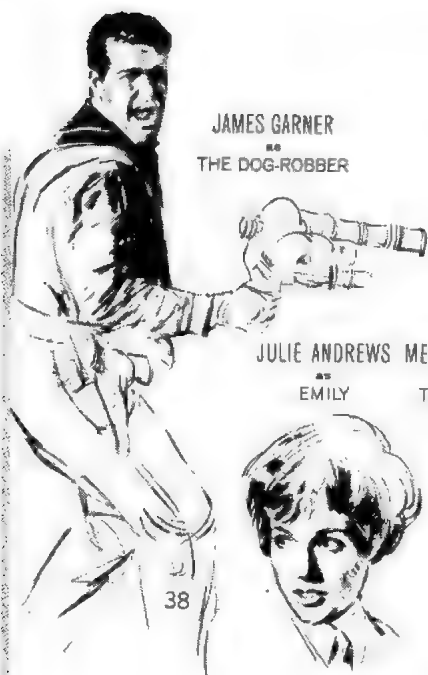
No expense has been spared to give this film a war-like realism. The Omaha Beach landing sequence itself was a costly production. It lasts two minutes on the screen and took four months to film. This was because they hired the original cast. And from both sides!

This picture also features James Coburn, Joyce Grenfell, Keenan Wynn and the entire population of Normandy and Bastogne. To give it even more realism, Paddy Chayevsky was hired to write the screenplay. He's the famous author of *Marty*, *The Bachelor Party*, *A Catered Affair* and other slice-of-life dramas. His treatment of the battle sequences are so realistic that the actors really fight back. It does get a bit ridiculous however, when Melvin Douglas starts talking like a boy from the Bronx. A Filmways Picture produced by Martin Ransohoff, directed by Arthur Hiller, based on the novel by William Bradford Huie and released by MGM, the movie states that events and characters in this story are fictitious and in no way resemble the real thing. Your SICK Reviewer states that words and references in this spoof are idiotic and in no way resemble the real movie. Let's read it and see...



The Emilization of America

Lt. Commander Charlie Madison (JAMES GARNER), stationed in London prior to D-Day, has a great job. He's a "dog robber" to U.S. Rear Admiral Jessup (MELVIN DOUGLAS.) This means Charlie gets the Admiral whatever he wants—if he has to rob a dog to get it! Madison is a fellow who can get things in London that nobody else can—things like matzoh ball soup, home-made American pie and two tickets to a hit show that's playing in New York. Madison is a great con-man. He makes Sgt. Bilko look like a boy scout. He's the one who promoted Major Peress during the McCarthy era. He has great experience for his job. In civilian life he was a used-car salesman. About the only thing that Madison can't wangle is a discharge. This is because he doesn't want one as he's got it made. Madison is so far from the front lines that to him the war is only a rumor!



JAMES GARNER
THE DOG-ROBBER



JULIE ANDREWS
EMILY

MELVYN DOUGLAS
THE ADMIRAL


JAMES COBURN
BUS

JOYCE GRENFELL
EMILY'S MOTHER


KEENAN WYNN
THE OLD SAILOR

THE THREE NAMELESS BROADS






All right, who's the wise guy who sounded the fire-alarm bell?



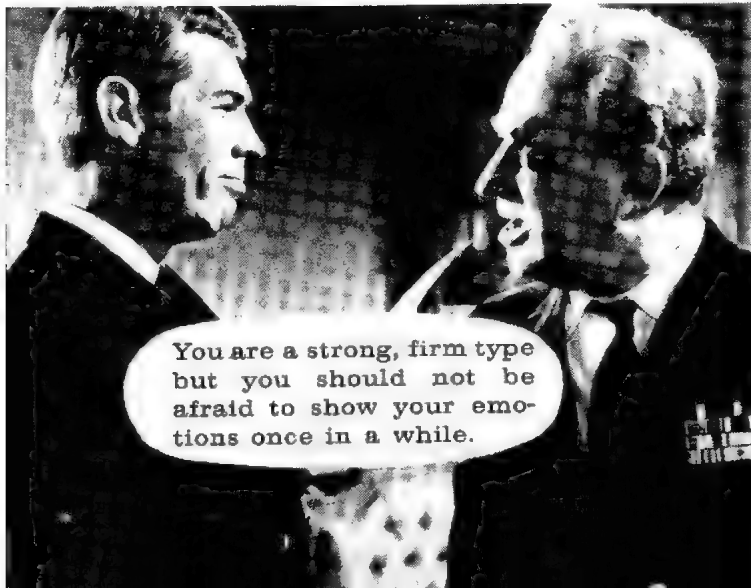
My mother? I thought she was *your* mother!



So they're sending you to Vietnam—
Tough luck, Emily!

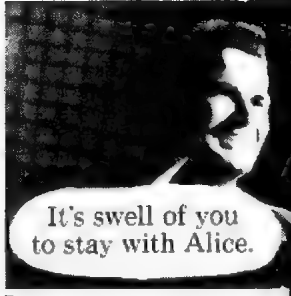
One of Madison's "assignments" is to persuade Emily Barham (JULIE ANDREWS) to be the Admiral's bridge-partner. He does this telling her he'll talk to Jack Warner about getting her the Audrey Hepburn part in *My Fair Lady*. As history shows, he couldn't pull it off—but nevertheless she accepts the invitation. It seems she's bored with her job as a London motor pool driver. What she does is drive to London motor pools. It's a hectic job, especially when half the men in London keep trying to get in the car with her. Emily is a girl who loves heroes and with her it's a big thing. She lives on "hero" sandwiches and never misses a "John Wayne" movie. Since she's a hero-worshipper and Madison is a coward, they immediately hate each other. So naturally, they soon fall in love.

Although their philosophies clash, their psychologies make it and they start making the London scene. They go to concerts in air raid shelters together, attend fire drills and, on Sundays, pick dillies in Picadilly Square. The only thing that stands in the way of their marriage is his cowardice—not only of war but of marriage too. It's the war cowardice that bugs her though. He lives by the line, "if everyone would run after the first shot, the second shot would never be fired."



You are a strong, firm type but you should not be afraid to show your emotions once in a while.

Their brief affair is interrupted when Admiral Jessup decides that the Army is getting more publicity than the Navy in upcoming D-Day preparations. He points out that the Navy got a 9-page spread in *Life* last week, while all the Army got was a one-line mention in Sidney Skolsky's column. And so he orders Lt. Commander Bus Cummings (JAMES COBURN) and Madison to make a special film of Navy Demolition Units, following them right up through the landing in Normandy. If nothing happens with the landing, the Admiral figures he can always sell the film to Joe Levine as a travelogue. The plan means that Cummings and Madison would have to go right up to the front where all the action is. Cummings cheerfully accepts, as he's been dying to get to the beach all summer. Madison tries to get out of it by bringing a note from his mother.



It's swell of you
to stay with Alice.

Standing there in the thick of things, Madison figures a guy can get killed like that and starts to run away. He tells Cummings he left something back in the locker room and will be right back. Cummings becomes a little suspicious when Madison starts walking into the ocean and orders him to halt at gunpoint. When Madison refuses, Cummings shoots him in the thigh. "That's a dirty low blow," yells Madison and falls down screaming. In falling, he trips over a land mine and causes a tremendous explosion. Because of this accidental blast, Madison is now a hero. Almost a dead one—but a hero just the same. It's a big scene for Madison and he milks it for all it's worth. He milks it so much that soon the ocean looks homogenized.




We're not ready
for inspection yet.

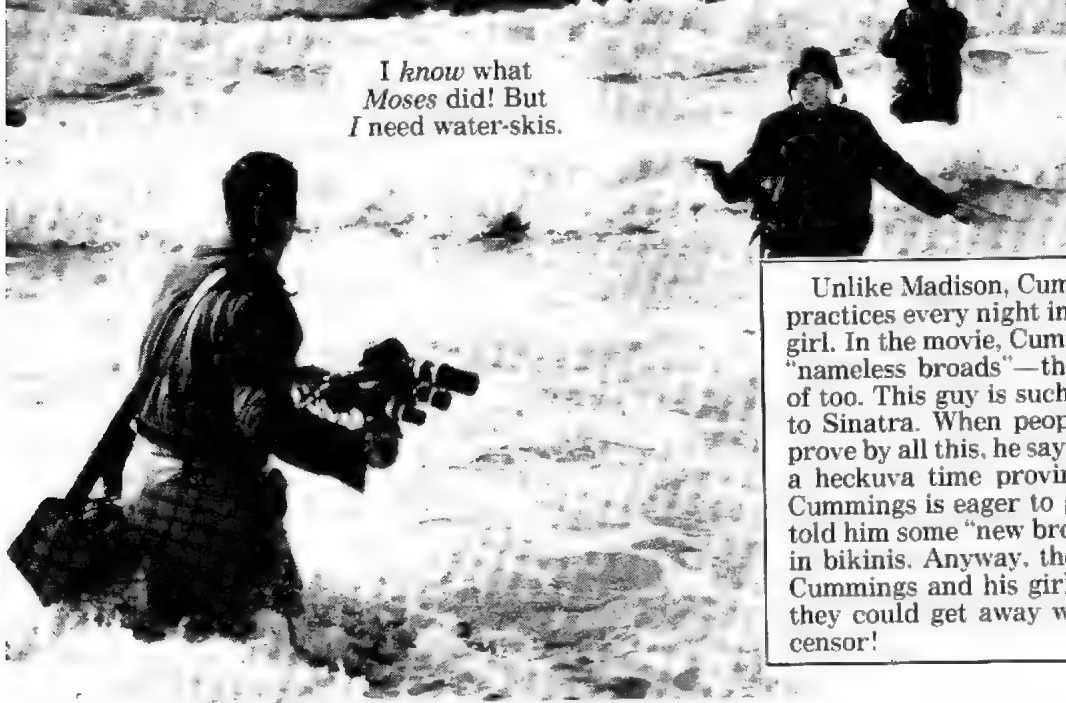


Cut! We gotta
do a retake!

Madison is still the coward. He refuses to go on the mission, pointing out that he gets seasick just looking at a shipping clerk. He changes his mind and accepts however, when he learns that the Demolition Units will leave before he and Cummings can get there. This "chickening-out" really disillusiones Emily and the lovers part. Madison doesn't care as he's already seen some of Cummings' girls, and next to them Emily looks like a boy. In the next scene he barges into Cummings' hotel room looking for a "leftover broad." Cummings tells him to come back tomorrow as he's a little tied up—the chambermaid is making the bed. "From the inside out?", asks Madison, and walks away.

Meanwhile, bad weather postpones the D-Day invasion, and Madison now finds he'll be in time for the Admiral's film. Whereas before he thought he'd have his cake and eat it, this news gives him heartburn. And so, ironically, it is Madison who is the first man to land on Omaha Beach. He is terrified at this, since he didn't bring sun-tan oil and burns easily. There's no turning back though, as the Germans are throwing everything they got at them. They're even throwing Germans at them! This D-D landing sequence is so realistic that two assistant directors get shot. Madison tries to yell "Cut!" but his cries for help go unheard in all the commotion.

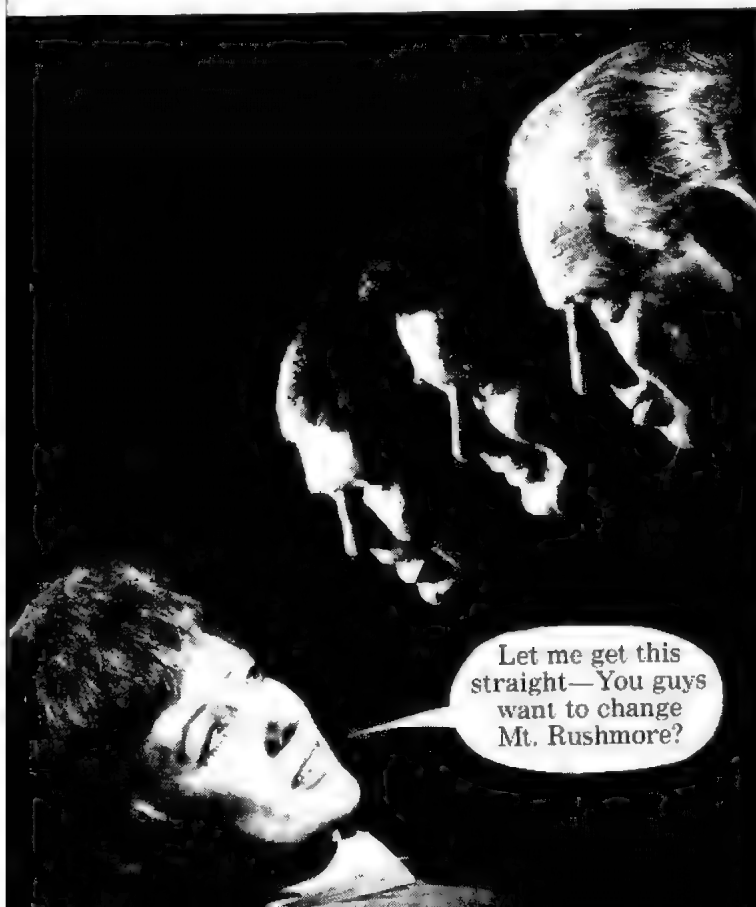
I know what
Moses did! But
I need water-skis.



Unlike Madison, Cummings is eager to be a hero. He practices every night in his hotel room with a different girl. In the movie, Cummings has three of what he calls "nameless broads"—three that we see—and see a lot of too. This guy is such a makeout-artist he sends girls to Sinatra. When people ask him what he's trying to prove by all this, he says he doesn't know but he's having a heckuva time proving it. Small wonder then, that Cummings is eager to get to Omaha Beach. Somebody told him some "new broads" would be sunbathing there in bikinis. Anyway, the torrid hotel room scenes with Cummings and his girls are so sexy that the only way they could get away with it was to get a girl for the censor!

When Admiral Jessup learns of Madison's injury, he feels sorry he assigned his "dog robber" to such a dangerous mission. He tries to do a complete retake of the D-Day landing, but the War Department won't have it, seeing they won. Thus, when Madison turns up among the wounded, the Admiral orders Cummings to fly him back to Washington for a hero's welcome. They plan to give him the key to the city and also to Perle Mesta's apartment. Madison, with his "no-shooting war" philosophy more deeply entrenched than ever, will have none of it. He warns everybody that he'll tell the truth—that he deserves no honors and had even shirked front-line duty. It's left to Emily to talk him into going through with it by threatening to upstage him in his final big scene. Ever the ham, Madison agrees.

Emily, who has returned to Madison, now sees him in a different light. This is the light in his hotel room, where she has gone to apologize for thinking him a coward, now that he's a hero. Since Emily's so hung up on heroes, she promises to marry him as soon as he shows the world his true colors as a "reluctant hero." He is again reluctant—not about showing everybody he's a hero—but about marrying Emily again. He finally agrees after remembering that audiences like happy endings. If you like happy endings too, then go see this one. It's a big surprise and if we told you what it was we'd have a flock of readers furious because we spoiled their fun when they saw the film. Why should we at SICK have all that hassling and fighting? We're no heroes...



MEDICINE

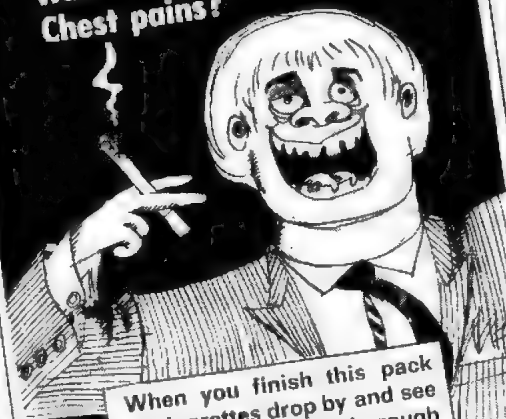
Quite understandably, the cigarette industry is dragging its heels concerning the labeling of their packages to the effect that their contents may be a health hazard, but if the law requiring this goes thru, we can expect that Madison Avenue, believing that two wrongs make a right, will jump on the grisly band wagon and sell space on the packages that could go something like this:

HEALTH HAZARD LABELS ON CIGARETTES

Script by Bob Elliott

Art by Arnold Franchioni

Throat burning? Eyes
water? Can't breathe?
Chest pains?



When you finish this pack
of cigarettes drop by and see
Dr. Sam Nasal for a thorough
checkup—and maybe a hint
of what's to come.

If you don't smoke, we'll
loan you up to \$600 on easy
terms. If you smoke a pack
a day, we'll loan you—well,
\$25—short term.

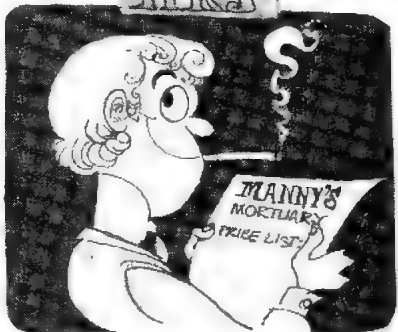


GAMBLE FINANCE CO.

How's your insurance, buster? You may live to
be a hundred, but—have you read the warning
on the other side of the package? Drop that
cigarette and call



Dan Debit, Insurance—
The Smoker's Pal.

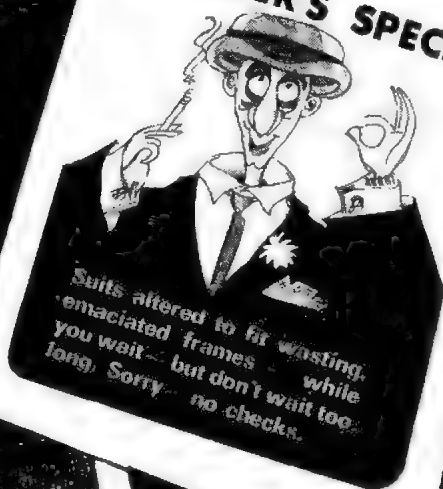


If you're a man who likes to think for himself, you'll ignore the silly warnings on this package. Sit down—relax—light a cigarette, and drop a line to Manny's Mortuary for a price list of complete funerals—including our Smoker's Special—a funeral pyre made of your favorite brand—all at no extra charge.

Manny's king-sized caskets

Smoke two packs a day and still lose weight? Hacking cough? Clothes don't fit? Do they hang on you like an old dish rag? Then try our

SMOKER'S SPECIAL



Suits altered to fit wasting, emaciated frames—while you wait—but don't wait too long. Sorry—no checks.

MADAME TABAC, FORTUNE TELLER.



Reads smoke rings, charcoal granules, cigarette butts and cellulose filters. Free cigarette analysis with every reading—if you really want to know.

OXYGEN ON PREMISES

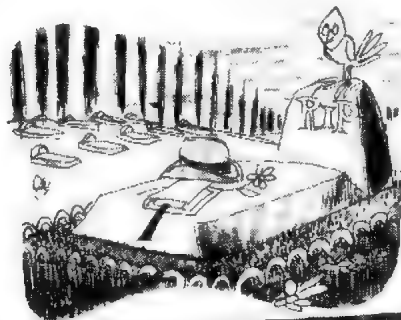
SWITCH



Where there's a will, there's a WAY.

The Way Will and Last Testament Co. has had 30 years experience in making out wills in a hurry. Simply fill out the form on the INSIDE of this cigarette package, mail to us, and we'll do the rest—while you rest assured.

Beautiful family plots overlooking the lovely Blue Smoke River—



shaded by perpetual tobacco plants—mausoleums with dual filtered air, with just a hint of mint. The ideal resting place for particular people. Recessed crypts and eternal charcoal flame if desired.

Recently a House Labor subcommittee began looking into complaints by airline stewardesses who stated they were being dismissed because they reached the compulsory retirement age of 32. The airlines said it was because flying businessmen complained when "you put a dog" on the plane to serve them. Congressmen stated that airlines "need to the fact they're not operating Bunny Clubs."

Anyhow, despite this early retirement age, the bunny recruiting...er, hostess recruiting goes on.

One airline, the "Fly-by-Night" Airlines—(Takeoffs are scheduled, landings aren't) goes about it this way, promising fun, fun, fun, FUN!

News Item:

AIRLINE HOSTESSES FORCED TO RETIRE AT AGE 32. CONGRESS PROTESTS



Hi, all you lovely young ladies, I'm Elmer Windsock and I want to welcome you to the Fly-by-Night Airlines school for Flying Stewardesses. I just want you to know that our company doesn't ask you to retire at 32. In fact, we have no hostesses over 30—none have made it that far. But while we live, we swing, sweeties.

It's Fun and Games and when the pilot is hungover, you girls get a chance to man the controls. How's that for employment inducements. Yes, you really fly. In fact just last week one of our girls flew a plane for 30 minutes—the 30 minutes before it crashed.

If she had done her homework she would have known that the spot on the radar screen was a mountain. She thought it was dirt and tried to rub it off... with the pilot's hat...and he was still wearing it.

Well, we want to eliminate those mistakes. Remember, there's a place for stewardesses who can fly, just as long as there are pilots who drink.



And I want to remind you that being a stewardess is rewarding socially. You'll meet lots of nice men, there'll be gay times, yippee parties, dancing, wild goings-on and lots of yahoo stuff. But when the plane lands, it's back to work again.



You new girls will notice numerous veteran stewardesses among you. You can tell them by their hash-marks—on their faces.





In fact over there right now is Mary Beth Crashland. Mary Beth, tell the group what you did when the pilot turned the controls over to you. You ran into a flock of pelicans. What? It wasn't your fault because you put your hand out and signalled. What kind of signal? You signalled for a crash. Excellent. Hmm? Before that you checked the altimeter and found that the pilot was very high.



You, over there, no need to smile. Hmmm? What's that? You're not smiling, that's a scar from your last crash? Sorry.



Before takeoff time there's lots of checking to be done. Miss Dreevish, suppose you tell the newcomers how we do that. We check to make sure the plane is loaded. Right. Then we see that the passengers are loaded. Right. Then be sure the pilot is loaded. Right, and you get what's left over. Good.



Miss Poindexter, you've been up in the air before. tell the youngsters here what happens when you push the fuel mixture switch. It adds vermouth to the gin. Right.



As you've undoubtedly read, our average hostess gets married less than three years after starting work for us. And we guarantee it will happen to you. It has to. It's written into the small print of your contract. After all, we have to back up our advertising copy, right?



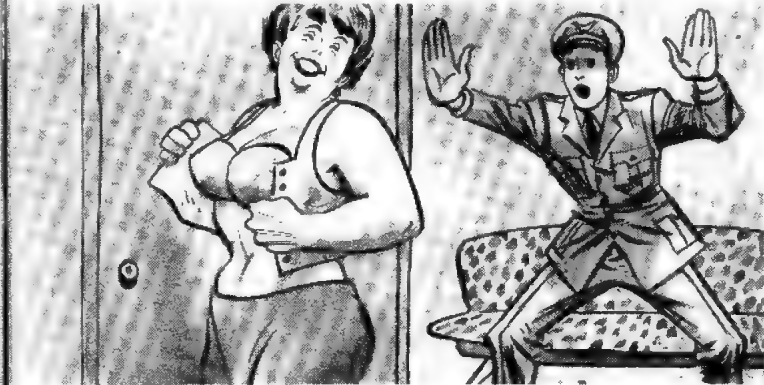
In case you aren't able to find a husband, we line you up next to a crash victim and we have a flying parson who comes and performs the ceremony post-humously to cover your contractual obligations.



If at the end of your flying careers you haven't been able to bag a "live" husband, we send you to our home for Unwed Hostesses. Here you'll get all the latest storm bulletins and throw darts at movies featuring trains and other means of transportation.



Well, it's about time for our first flight. Let's check things out. Let's see, first aid kit, cocktail mixer, Tony Bennett records...dice...parachute... Oh, Miss Dimster, you have your parachute on backwards. You what? You don't have a parachute on? Remarkable. Okay, stop giggling.



Come here, Miss Dimster, why did you decide to be a hostess in the first place. You like stunt flying? You loop the loop? When? When you're looped. I'm serious. You became a hostess because they stopped burlesque in New Jersey? I see. Flying has a runway. Right. And a takeoff too. Right. I get it...no...please, not here, Miss Dimster...not here...stop!



Psst...here, Miss Dimster.



Let's take-off, baby. Me for you. I'll get you a spot with one of the real big airlines. What? You can't work for them because you're over 32? You're what? You're 38-23-38. Crazy! Clear the runway!

PROFILE:

JIM ATKINS

Jim Atkins has always wanted to be a joke writer. "If I ever become successful my jokes will make many people happy, mainly my creditors," Atkins said half in jest and half in bed.

On the serious side, Atkins has been a newsman, television news director and has written articles for numerous national magazines. He is co-author of "Shooting TV News and Documentaries," published this year by Amphoto, the largest publisher of photo books in the country.

Writing jokes has changed Atkins' life. "I was thrown out of college for a humorous column I wrote," he said. "Also I was fired for writing jokes on company time," he adds.

Atkins, whose real name is Napoleon Jones, lives in Germ City. His favorite television comedian is Chet Huntley.

His hobby is farming. He recently crossed a watermelon and a potato and got a cross-eyed watermelon. Atkins said that his watermelon jokes are his best, in fact so good they were used on major TV shows by a major TV comedian who thought it was a joke when Atkins sent him a bill.

For a time Atkins lived in Birmingham where he gained fame as the most beaten-up reporter in the state.

He came to Washington to become a joke writer for Sen. Strom Thurmond.

Atkins said he is proud of his fight to save the reputation of Elizabeth Taylor. He is a founder and president of CRET—The Committee for the Reputation of Elizabeth Taylor.



As a public service he devotes four hours a week to humor. "The problem facing Americans is that most are unhappy and don't have any fun. Making just one person laugh is a great public service," he claims.

Our subject started out in humor by looking in the mirror. He later wrote a column for a college paper and hosted the Napoleon Jones Show, starring N. Jones, the only man in America who could take a biscuit apart and put it back together again. The show fell apart and couldn't be put back together again.

A man of many hobbies, our subject, a loner by choice (the choice of those he meets) likes to play tennis by himself and take long walks off short piers.

"I admit I have a lot of bad habits," says Atkins. "I could stop them all, but I don't want to be a slave to my self-control."

Atkins considers himself one of Washington's major gourmets. "I even enjoy bad food."

"I'm very political," he adds. "I support the American position in Vietnam, whatever it is."

He plans to burn his Sick press card as a protest against inflammable cards. "Inflammable cards are destroying the American way of life," he declares.

CLASSIC FRIED ADS

Classic Fried ads will be accepted at the editor's discretion and published without charge. If you have something to sell, swap, announce etc., take advantage of this ridiculous column.

GREETINGS

Say hello to Nancy, Ann and Francis for me.

Paul Heiser
22 Vernon Street
Middleport, N.Y.

COMIC BOOKS WANTED

COMIC COLLECTORS: Am interested in obtaining original art or old adventure comic books. Highest prices.

Jim Covelski
44 River Street
Hudson Falls, N.Y.

SICK READERS

I should like to hear from someone who can explain jokes in Sick Magazine.

David Prud'homme
34 Gotha Street
Trenton, Ont., Canada

COLLECTORS

I would like to sell or swap my set of Tom Swift Jr. books. #1-25, which sell for \$31.25. They are in excellent condition. I will send these C.O.D. for \$18.50 or swap for something of equal value.

I wish also to swap or buy old issues of Marvel or Sick magazines.

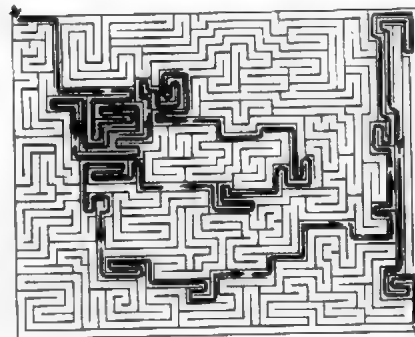
Norman Elfer
5745 Cameron Blvd.
New Orleans, La.

COMMUTERS

If anyone wishes to help form a Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Streetcars in America, please write to me immediately. I badly need your help.

Paul Petschke
256 Payton Ave.
Warwick, Rhode Island

Solution to MAZE (PAGE 37)



THROUGH THE YEARS, MAN HAS MADE A LOT OF IMPROVEMENTS IN HIS MODE OF LIVING—BUT WHAT OF MAN'S BEST FRIEND, THE DOG? HAVE DOG TYPE PEOPLE KEPT UP WITH HUMAN TYPE PEOPLE? DEFINITELY NOT! TODAY'S DOG HOUSES ARE JUST AS INFERIOR AS THEY WERE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!!

TO CORRECT THIS SHAMEFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS, **SICK** PRESENTS A MODERN, UP-TO-DATE, RANCH STYLE—

DREAM DOG HOUSE



—AND FOR PEOPLE WITH A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY, WHY NOT DOG HOUSES
DESIGNED TO FIT THE PARTICULAR BREED? LIKE—

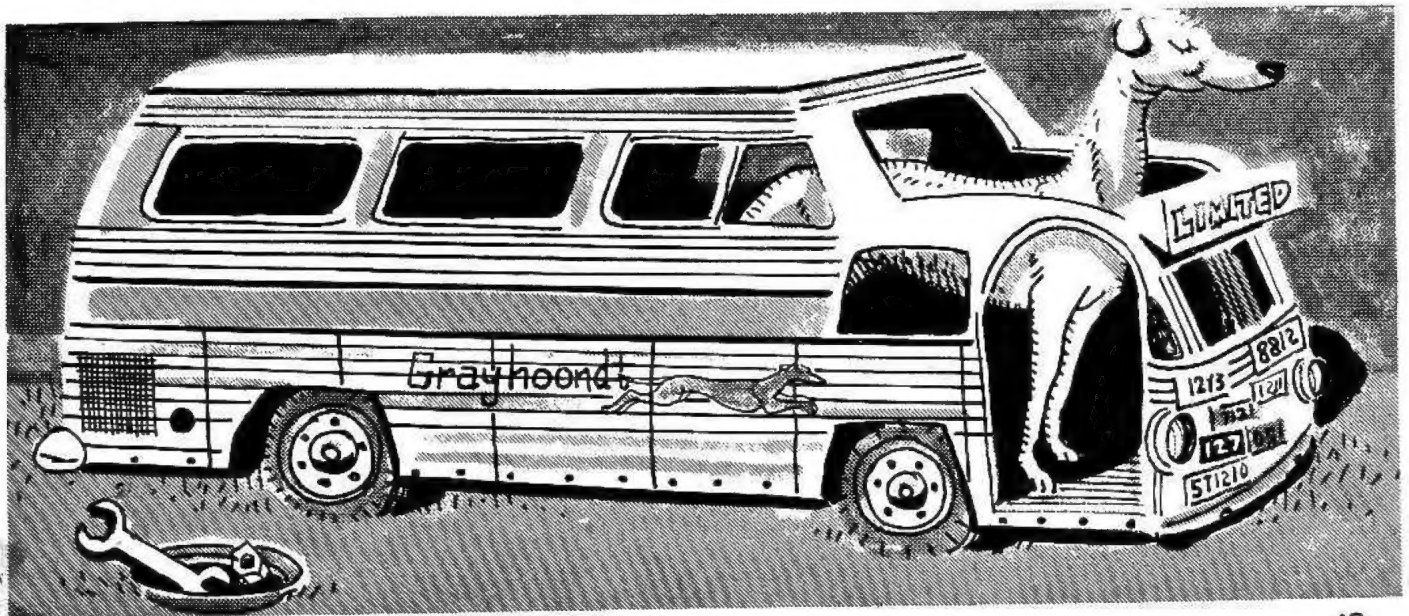


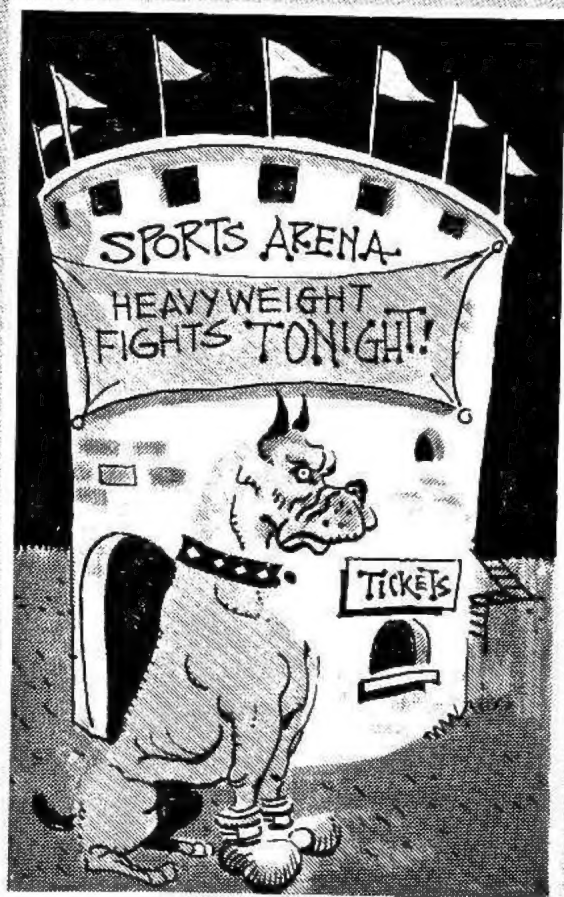
For ALASKAN HUSKIES



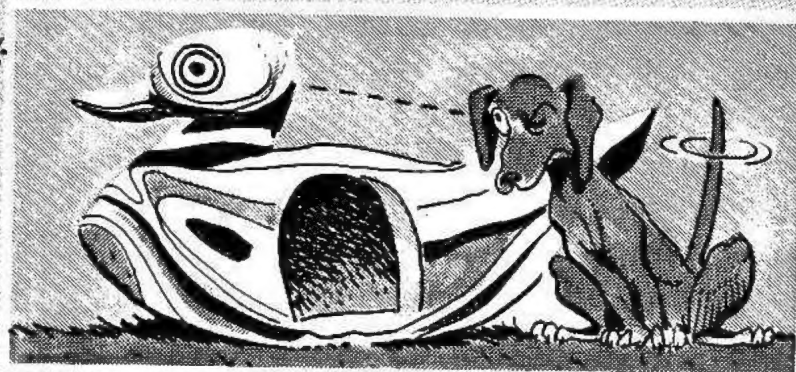
For POLICE DOGS

For GREYHOUNDS





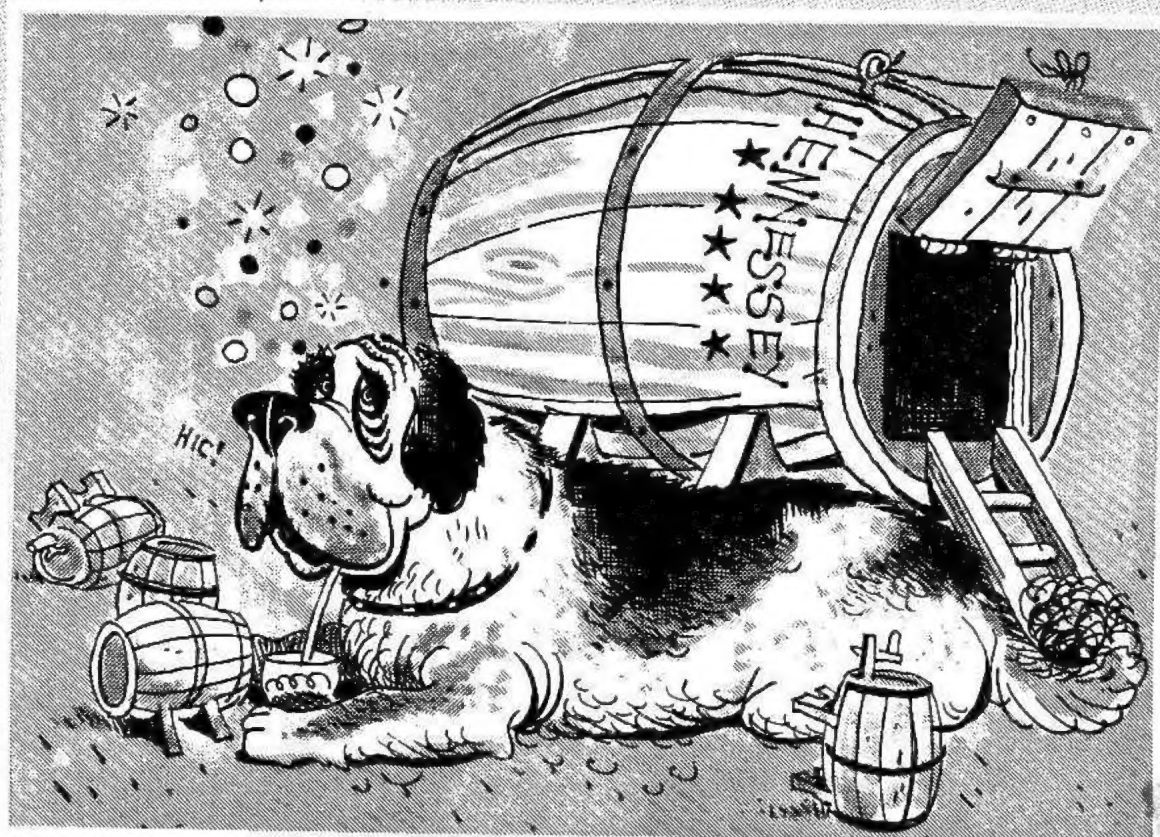
For BOXERS



For LABRADOR RETRIEVERS



For FRENCH
POODLES

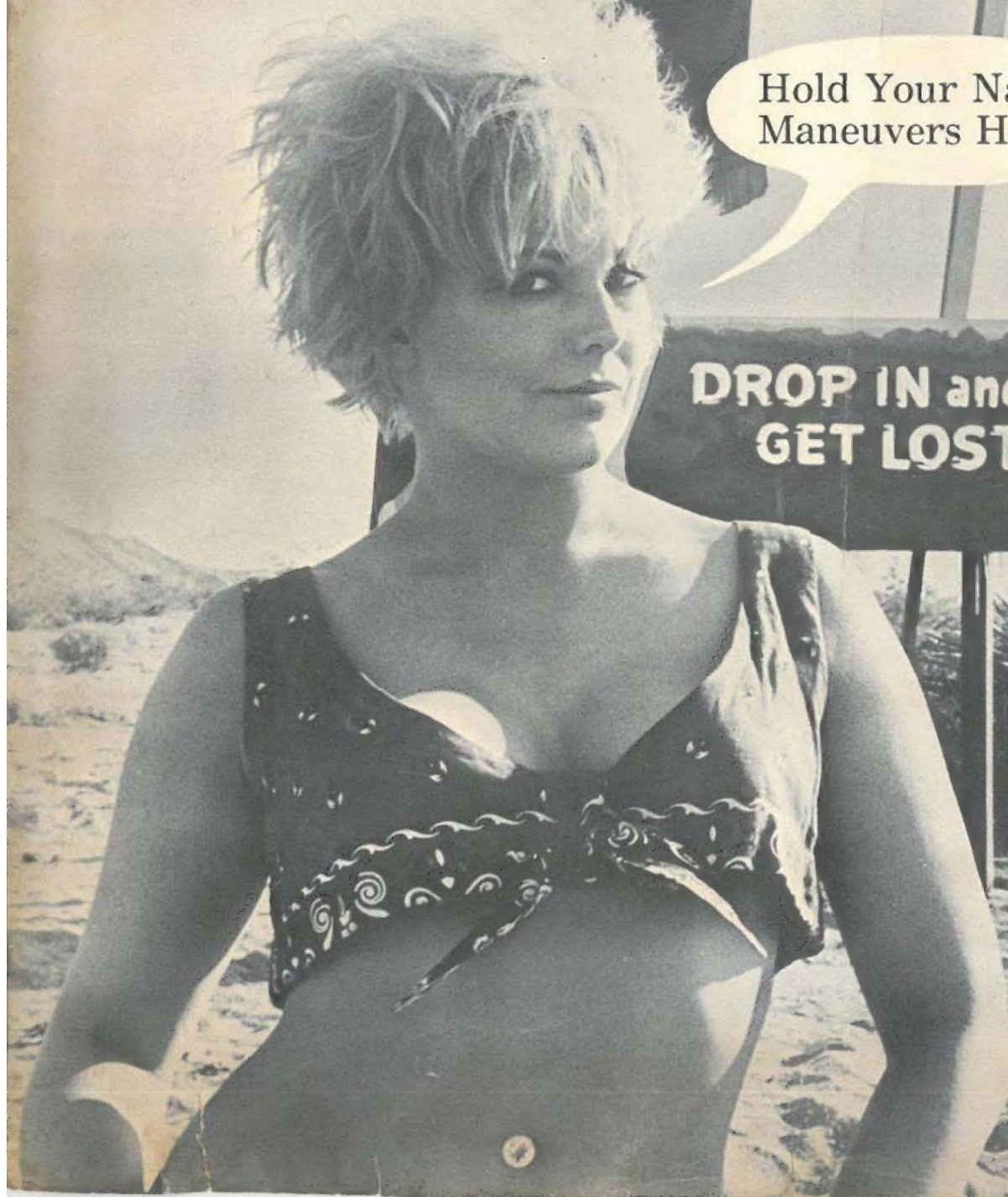


For SAINT
BERNARDS



Hold Your Navel
Maneuvers Here!

**DROP IN and
GET LOST**



Get Behind Name Brands...

**AMERICA
AWAKE!**



Coming soon---

The
HUCKLEBERRY FINK
**PROTEST
DOLL**